

# Texas Siftings.

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Walter Bobbett

## THE RETURNING AMERICAN.

OLD TRAVELER—WHAT'S THE MATTER, MY HEARTY; DOWN IN THE MOUTH?  
SEASICK PASSENGER—No; UP IN THE STOMACH.



# Texas Siftings.

Entered at the Post-office at New York, as Second Class Mail Matter.

ALEX. E. SWEET,  
A. MINER GRISWOLD, } Editors.

J. ARMOY KNOX, } Manager.  
A. A. BERGER, } Ass't Mgr.

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## IN "A. MINER" KEY.

THE tobacco habit—a cigar wrapper.

RURAL dissipation—a meadow "lark."

RAN away with a coachman—the horses.

THE color line—dealing in paints and dyes.

NO WINGS are necessary to fly off the handle.

HOW to make money—learn the trade in a mint.

CRIPPLES arrested for begging often make lame excuses.

A LIFE-BOAT—the galley to which a French convict gets a life sentence.

WHILE we have Uncle Sam in America there is Antwerp in Belgium.

THE man who scoffs at the idea of purgatory may go further and fare worse.

NO MAN has been found as yet who bears a striking resemblance to John L. Sullivan.

THE fool is pleased with himself; the wise man dissatisfied. Score one for the fool.

VEGETABLES are said to be meat for some people, but the green cucumber is meat for repentance.

A BACK number—the one that a saucy urchin chalks upon an unsuspecting man's back, just for fun.

SOME of the loudest advocates of protection for home industry are never engaged in any industry at home.

THE brick boycott is so stringent in New York that you never hear a man spoken of as a "brick" any more.

For the Ship of State you need not fear,  
Let Florida reef and Texas steer!

"THAT is a little out of my line," as the hangman said when he was shown the apparatus for execution by electricity.

THERE is a town in Washington where a stranger would have difficulty in finding a wife. The girls are all Spokane for.

MEN of great strength have always been the subject of jeers from feeble men. Goliath didn't escape—even David had his fling at him.

THERE is a department in New York Truth entitled German Society Talk. Does German society talk very differently from any other society?

SOME one has sent us an essay on the Effects of Electricity on Milk. It is the effects of water on milk that the public is mostly interested in.

A HEBREW antiquarian asserts that Christopher Columbus was a Jew. But he paid his way across the Atlantic—that is to say, he didn't have a pass-over.

"THE harp that once through Tara's Halls." But was it only once? I have heard it a hundred times; heard it when it seemed that the harpist was going to Tara's Harp all in pieces.

## PERHAPS.



All summer and part of the fall;  
Yet may, ere the wintry storms gather,  
Forget that you've loved me at all.

As you and the summer have gone, Joe,  
Like dreams that I almost regret,  
Perhaps the best words I can say, dear,  
Are simply Good-bye, and Forget.

MARY A. BENSON.

## SAD FATE OF AN AUTHOR.

No wonder there are so few authors among the nobility of England when we contemplate the fate of Sir John Oldcastle. He was born in the reign of Edward III., and early in life signalized himself by the ardor of his attachment for the doctrines of Wickliffe. He had the works of Wickliffe transcribed at his own expense and widely disseminated among the people, and employed a large corps of preachers to propagate the views of the reformer throughout the country. During the reign of Henry IV. he commanded the English army in France and compelled the Duke of Orleans to raise the siege of Paris; but the popularity he gained there did not prevent his being condemned for heresy in Henry V.'s reign and burned at the stake. According to the humane notions which prevailed in those days (1417), he was hung up in chains alive upon the gallows, and fire being placed under him he was slowly roasted. When an English nobleman essays literature nowadays they roast him, but it is chiefly done in the reviews.

## THE CALIFORNIA FRUIT CROP.

Fortunate for the country that the fruit supply of California is abundant this year, else we should be deprived of our accustomed luxuries in that line. Marvelous reports come from the Pacific coast of the money realized in fruit crops. Many growers in the Pomona valley of California have got from \$300 to \$450 an acre from peaches, apricots and prunes. Canning factories have been kept running day and night, and one firm alone is said to have paid \$65,000 for help. The Riverside fruit product will bring a million and a half dollars. Orange groves have yielded their owners as high as \$1,000 an acre. If the gold mines of California are worked out, fruit yields a golden harvest, certainly.

## FLORAL TRIBUTES IN RUSSIA.

During the recent visit of the young Emperor of Germany to Russia, both the Czar and the Emperor were received with effusive demonstrations of delight, but the populace were warned not to throw any flowers at the carriage of the high personages. At first glance this may seem to be a little strange, but when we take into consideration the fact that the opportunity of throwing a bouquet might be utilized to explode a pound or so of dynamite in the imperial vehicle, it is not so strange, after all. Even leaving the dynamite out of the question altogether, if some disgruntled Nihilist were, in a fit of absent-mindedness, to forget to remove the flowers from the flower-pot before throwing them out of a fourth-story window, the result might be far from pleasant. It must be trying to the nerves

of the Czar's guests to ride in the same carriage with him, not knowing when they may be driven into the bowels of the earth by some descending flower-pot, or be soaring aloft in the upper deep, impelled heavenward by a subterranean dynamite explosion. Under the circumstances, Emperor Wilhelm will hardly feel like regarding his trip to Russia in the light of a pleasure excursion.

## THE GRANT MONUMENT.

If the newspaper cuts of Duncan's design for the Grant monument, which the executive committee has accepted, do it justice, it is about as clumsy a specimen of architecture as we have seen in many a day, a sort of child's play-house, India tower and Chinese pagoda combined. Perhaps it will look better in stone and marble than it does on paper, but it is commonplace and disappointing as we see it portrayed. Some of the rejected designs were superior.

## WHISTLING WEDDING MARCHES.

General O'Beirne, of New York, witnessed a marriage ceremony the other day for which the wedding march was whistled by an obliging young man, and he whistled the fashionable Mendelssohn march, too. Here is an idea for the world of economizers and other misers. Dry goods clerk and others who have hitherto found it difficult to support heavy canes can see another barrier to supporting a family disappear in the whistled wedding march. SIFTINGS is inclined to think that young men would better hear their wedding marches from puckered lips than never hear them at all.

## EMPEROR-EDITOR.

Emperor William of Germany will publish next month a newspaper inspired directly by himself, and he will order a circulation. He believes not that the pen is mightier than the Krupp gun, but that better than either is the combination of both. How long will it be, after the Kaiser advances to the dignity of an editor, before some incensed subscriber, who has paid, invades the sanctum to resent a personal fling with another fling of the imperial paste pot at the imperial nose? How long before the imperial floor is wiped with the imperial ink-slinger? It is easy enough to be an emperor when it runs in the family, but you can never, as Coal Oil Johnnie thought about his daughter, supply the want of a capacity by buying one at a reduced rate in a bric-à-brac shop.

MRS. ANN HYDE, widow of a veteran of the war of 1812, is the oldest pensioner in the United States. On general principles, a soldier who would run Ann Hyde, doesn't deserve a pension.

NATURE has arranged it so that a man can't kick himself, but there are times when he feels as though he would like to.

JEWS rarely embark in the saloon business. They wouldn't be satisfied with toper scent.

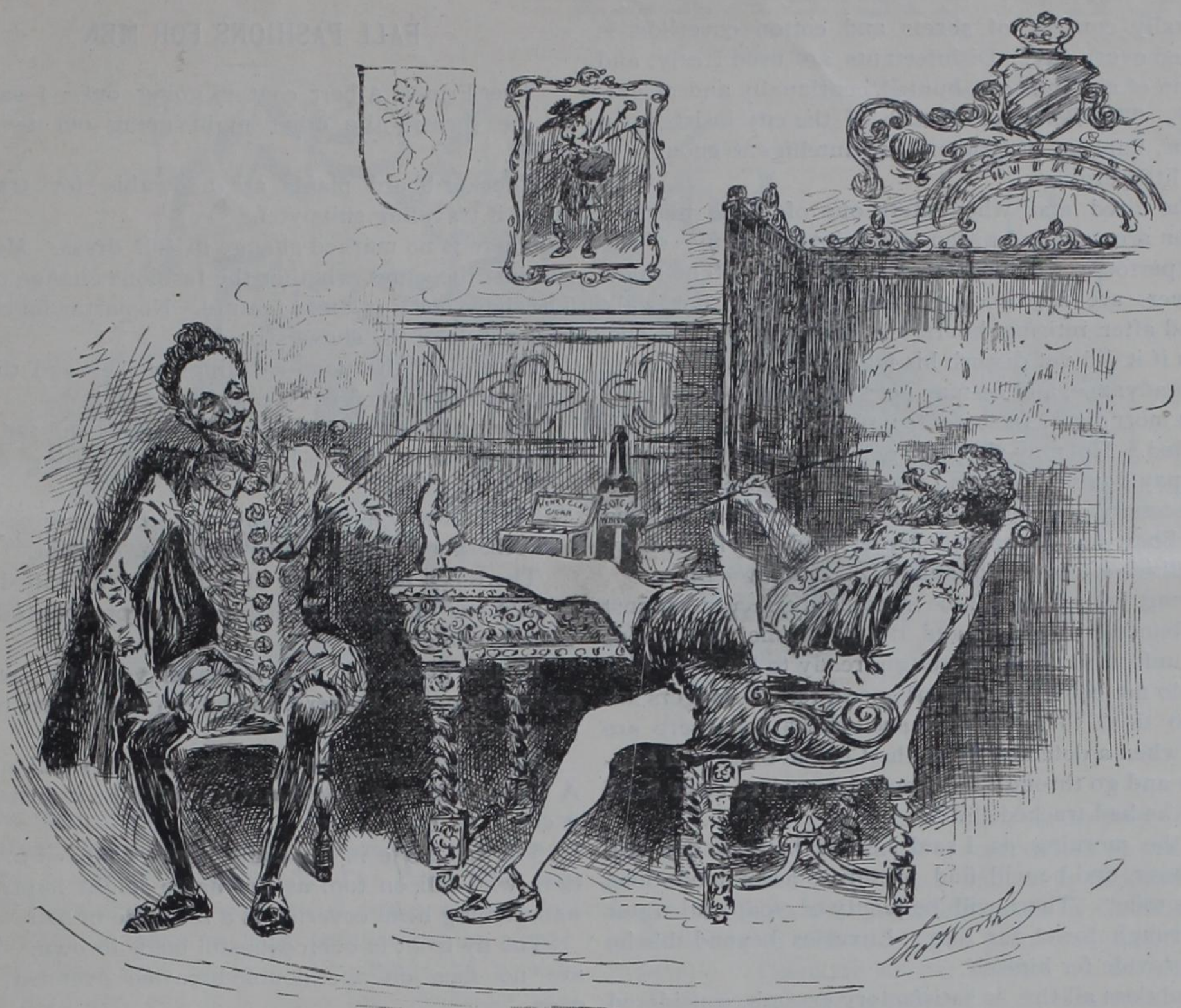


## PROTECTION.

MR. JOHNSING—"Peers to me yo's sitten pow'ful bad example, Deacon, gwine out 'fo' de conregation wif dem baise-ball fings on yo'.

DEACON BLACKMATH—"Taint gwine out 'fo' de conregation, it's gwine out behin' de mewel da I'se a skeered of. I'se jist a kind o' fortyfine mese'f agin axdents.





## HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

JAMES I. AND SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

King James I. of England was at work one evening on his famous "Counterblast to Tobacco," when Sir Walter Raleigh was announced.

"Glad to see you, Walt," said the King, as his visitor entered; "join me in a pipe, won't you?"

"Don't mind if I do," said Sir Walter, and the two worthies filled their pipes with the best Virginia smoking tobacco—brought from America by the knight himself, and they sat down to a friendly chat and smoke.

"How's your Counterblast coming on?" said Sir Walter with a grin.

"Oh, that's all right," replied the King, winking merrily. "Let me read you a passage. [He reads between puffs]: 'Smoking is loathsome to the eye, hurtful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, stinking fume thereof nearest resembling the horrid Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless.' How's that for a great moral reform movement against the weed?"

"Splendid!" cried Sir Walter, shaking his sides with glee, "and what an advertisement it will be for the tobacco trade, which yields such a fine revenue already."

"That's what I am after," said the King, slyly. "And what a good joke it is, too; ha! ha!"

"Better than the gunpowder plot."

The King moved uneasily, as if there might be a keg of gunpowder concealed beneath him.

"Tobacco is loathsome to the eye!" Sir Walter quoted, reaching over to gayly prod the King in the ribs.

"Hurtful to the nose!" laughed the King, gently tweaking Sir Walter's highly colored proboscis.

"Harmful to the brain, ha! ha!" continued the knight, adding, to himself, "except where there are no brains to harm, as in your case."

"Dangerous to the lungs," said James with a grin, as he swallowed a great mouthful of smoke and blew it out through his nostrils.

"But there's one thing you have omitted," said Sir Walter.

"What is that?"

"You ought to denounce the cigarette habit, especially among boys."

"You're right," said the King, "I will attend to that directly."

And so the King and Sir Walter joked and smoked over the Counterblast. And so it is that some of our modern temperance reformers draw up indictments against the liquor traffic, between drinks.

King James brought out some of his best Scotch whisky, and it was at a late hour that Sir Walter left the royal apartment and meandered unsteadily toward his hotel. Passing the Casino he saw a ballet girl hesitating about crossing a mud-puddle, and with charac-

teristic politeness he threw down his cloak for her to walk over. And it was a walk-over for Raleigh.

## THE AUSTINS AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Mr. Austin—If you had any snap about you, Mrs. Austin, you would get on the women's committee of the World's Fair.

Mrs. Austin—What advantage would that be?

Mr. Austin—A great deal. You would be furnished with a badge that would enable you to go into the show free any time you wanted to.

Mrs. Austin—But are there any duties to perform?

Mr. Austin—Yes, of course. You would be expected to wear your best gown.

Mrs. Austin—That would be nice.

Mr. Austin—And a cheerful smile.

Mrs. Austin—You don't expect to be around much, do you, dear?

Mr. Austin—I don't expect to go at all.

Mrs. Austin—Then it would not be so very difficult.

Mr. Austin—I appreciate the sarcasm. What particular department would you like to be assigned to?

Mrs. Austin—Oh, I should dearly love to be on the committee on sculpture.

Mr. Austin—On sculpture! You don't know the difference between a tombstone and the Apollo Belva-Lockwood. I suppose you want to learn to carve yourself.

Mrs. Austin (flaring up)—Well, if I couldn't carve better than you I would keep away from the head of the table.

Mr. Austin—Hold your temper, Mirandy. Painting wouldn't be in your line, would it?

It's in yours, judging by your nose.

Mr. Austin—There you go again, flying into personalities.

Mrs. Austin—You provoke me to it.

Mr. Austin—Provoke you to it! just because I asked you if you wouldn't

like to be a committee woman to the Chicago Fair. But that is just like you women.

Mrs. Austin—Well, what do you want me to do?

Mr. Austin—Be another Isabella, Mrs. Austin. Give up your jewels, if necessary, to advance the interest of Columbus.

Mrs. Austin—I gave them up some time ago, to retard the interest on our mortgage.

Mr. Austin (not heeding this last remark)—Go to the financial committee and say, like the mother of the—

of the—

Mrs. Austin—Little Austins?

Mr. Austin—No, of the Gracchi. Say, "Here are my jewels." Say, "I pledge"—

Mrs. Austin—But you've pledged 'em already.

Mr. Austin—Oh, pshaw! you never could understand any classical allusion. The quadro-centennial of the discovery of America is upon us. Chicago may make a fizzle of the Columbus celebration. Men are holding back; let the women of the country come to the rescue of Columbus!

Mrs. Austin—Columbus, Ohio?

This last remark of his spouse so thoroughly disgusted Mr. Austin that he incontinently fled from the house.

## PRINCELY HUMBUG.

"*Je veux manger à la gamelle avec les soldats de ma patrie.*" said the young Prince of Orleans, when, disregarding the decree of expulsion from France he returned to Paris to enlist as a common soldier in the French army. Everybody knows the incident and resultant imprisonment of the Prince, though the latter was of brief duration. *Gamelle* is the name of the wooden bowl from which the French soldier eats his soup, and to eat *à la gamelle* is to subsist like a common soldier.

It was an exhibition of humbug heroics on the part of the Prince, cunningly planned to create sympathy and enthusiasm among the soldiers and common people. It was seen through, no doubt, but much applauded nevertheless. Dainty ornaments in gold and silver in the form of the *gamelle*—studded with diamonds, sometimes—are the fashionable craze in Paris now, and many curious designs are shown in jewelers' windows. Instead of feeding out of the soldiers' wooden bowl, the Prince while confined at Cleirveaux was supplied with all the delicacies which a high-priced restaurant could furnish.



THE LAST OF THE SEASON.



## CHEAP LODGING HOUSES.



A DOZEN years ago, more or less, (it was not far from that time) a certain man who had been unsuccessful in various undertakings, came to New York, and tried vainly to get two or three smart young business men to join him in an enterprise which he considered promising. They thought he was witless, and almost told him so. His scheme was not a new one, strictly speaking, but he made it new by his treatment. In some way or other he raised the five hundred dollars that he needed, and opened a cheap lodging house. To-day he is the proprietor of half a dozen establishments of the kind, and is very rich. The smart young men who refused to begin with him are less confident of their sagacity than they were. Besides this man's places there are probably a hundred others in the city, all very much alike.

There have been lodging houses for poor men from time immemorial. There were even similar ones to those of to-day, in New York, before this enterprising ex-clergyman went into the business, but nobody before him saw the possibilities of great profit in them, or if anybody saw the chances nobody caught them.

The proposition is a simple one. In New York, as in any other large city, there are men—many of them—who have no homes. Either from hard luck, dissipation, or lack of ambition, they "have not where to lay their heads." Yet, with that perversity which characterizes the least valuable specimens of humanity, they insist upon living right along, just as if there were some use in it. As they will live, they have to sleep, and as the police have a habit of interfering with them when they sleep out doors they are driven to lodging houses. And the cheap ones are the only ones within their reach.

There are enough of these to make a great trade for somebody. Obviously if a small profit be made on each customer; the only question is to get enough customers. And it has been roughly estimated that on a winter night at least 25,000 persons in New York sleep in the cheap lodging houses.

They are a motley throng. Two or three in ten are drunkards, who may or may not be drunk when they apply for admission. The others are the desperately poor. Very few are individuals who could afford better, though now and again you may find a man who seeks one of these places by reason of extreme economy. I knew one man who had few redeeming traits of character, and who was to me a most disagreeable companion, but I always looked on him as a hero after I learned that he lived for years in one of these cheap lodging houses. For he earned a handsome income, and rather than spend it in buying ordinary comforts for himself he sent it all, or nearly all, to his mother and sisters.

Heroes, however, are scarce in these places. Or, at least, if they are there, they are seldom recognized as such.

The houses vary as widely as the grades of customers, for there are grades even in great poverty. You may get shelter for five cents a night, or you may spend twenty-five or even thirty cents for a lodging in one of the better class. In the cheaper places there are rows of cots along the sides of a huge room, and no such thing as privacy is provided for. Each man has a cot, and if he is wise he sleeps either in them or on top of them. If he is not wise the first time, he probably will be the second.

One surprising thing to an observer who goes the first time to a lodging house, is the remarkable cleanliness that is maintained. The floors are bare and are flooded and scrubbed daily. The "bed-linen," which

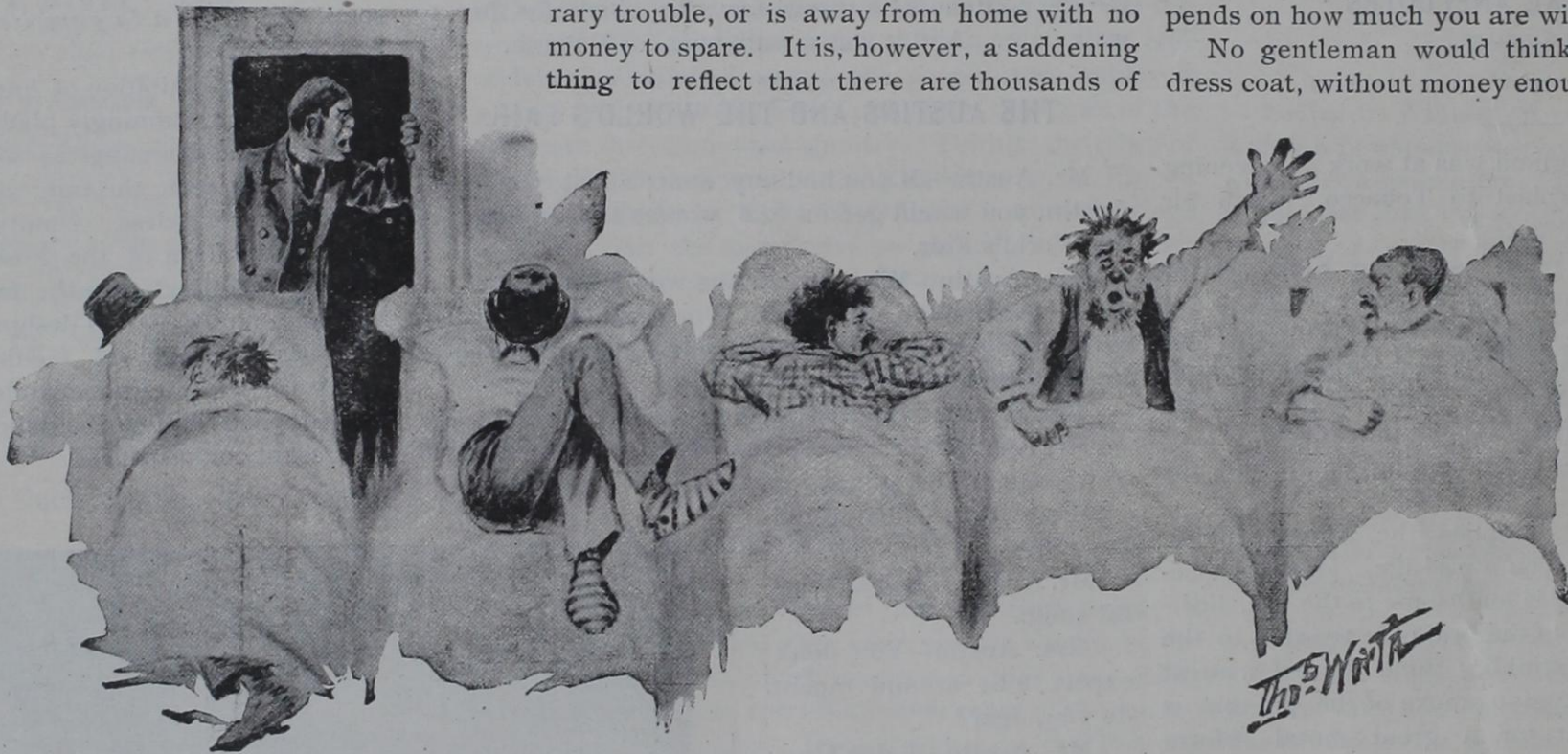
generally consists of sheets and cotton coverlids, is washed every day. Disinfectants are used freely, and vermin of all kinds are hunted continually and relentlessly. The Board of Health of the city insists upon all this, but the proprietors are intelligent enough to need little urging.

The tired man who enters one of these places—women are never admitted—submits to the rules of the place perforce, whether he wants to or not. The rules, however, are few and simple. He may not walk around after retiring hours, for that would excite suspicion if it did not disturb his fellow-lodgers. He must pay in advance, and he may not sleep after a fixed hour in the morning. In some few places this last rule is modified. He may sleep longer if he choose, but he must pay double. Beyond these few requirements and the necessity of keeping the peace in a general way, he is at liberty to do as he chooses, and he will find no absurdities of conventionality at all binding on him.

Lying down he will be reasonably secure against disturbances. Snoring, and the occasional ravings of some unfortunate who is getting ready to have the jim-jams do not count for disturbances, for the lodgers are all too tired to awake for such trifles, but there are times when a detective from the Central office will happen in and go through the place in search of some thief whom he had tracked thither.

In the morning, as I said, he will have to rise at a fixed hour, and he will find primitive accommodations for his toilet. There will be plenty of soap and water and a rough towel for him. Luxuries beyond this he must provide for himself.

Doubtless all this is satisfactory enough, considered as a make-shift for the man who is in temporary trouble, or is away from home with no money to spare. It is, however, a saddening thing to reflect that there are thousands of



Only Delirium Tremens.

men in the city who either lack the hope or the ambition to attain to anything better. The cheeriest optimist must look on the cheap lodging house as one of the shadows of life in a great city.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

## NO SHOW FOR HIM.

Mr. Barclay S. Capper—Where have you been, old man?

Mr. T. C. Monte—At Niagara on business.

How did you make out?

No good. The carriage men don't give anybody else a show!

Is the farmer literary who cannot write and yet makes money with his pen?



Pay Invariably in Advance.

## FALL FASHIONS FOR MEN.

The Prince Albert coat is going out. I saw one at the theatre the other night going out to take a drink.

Checker-board plaids are allowable for traveling suits, if traveling suits you.

There is no marked change in full dress. Men get full just the same, whether the fashions change or not. The shawl collar is a new feature. No particular change in the style of the shawl strap.

Except for afternoon weddings, wakes and the like the double-breasted frock coat is passé.

The necktie should be a four-in-hand, and the collar should be kept well-in-hand, to avoid cutting off the ears.

The cutaway is still fashionable for bank cashiers, and others who expect to cutaway for Canada.

There is a new variety of rough cheviot called "the policeman," because it has a very pronounced nap when it can get it.

Rough goods will be very much worn this season, especially on the Bowery, and other places where roughs do congregate.

Small checks will be worn by men of small means. A Vanderbilt or a Jay Gould can indulge in just as big a check as he pleases.

The fall style in top coats is not confined to wrestlers who fall on top, as the name might imply. An unbecoming head covering is a false tile in hats.

The fly front in overcoats still holds its own. There are no flies on the double-breasted overcoat, however.

The shell jacket is growing in favor. Its cost depends on how much you are willing to shell out for it.

No gentleman would think of going to dinner in a dress coat, without money enough to pay for his dinner.

## A GAME OF BILLIARDS.

Two gentlemen, who were very good friends, and whom we shall call Bill and Tom, played a game of billiards. Bill is a first-class player, but he encouraged Tom to win by purposely playing a poor game. Tom is not much of a player, but he only had a few points to make to win, when Bill took off his coat, went to work in earnest and ran out, much to the disgust of Tom. When Bill went

to resume his coat, lo! and behold it was gone.

"What's become of my coat?" asked Bill.

"Just as you made those last ten points a stranger picked up your coat and ran out, too," answered Tom, grinning.

"Why didn't you stop him?"

"Why should I stop him? He didn't interfere in your game when you ran out; why should I interfere with him when he ran out with your coat? He let you make your points; why shouldn't I let him make his point? The stranger let you beat me; why shouldn't I let him beat you out of your coat, particularly as he got his cue from you?"

"Lingering with Burns," is the heading of a newspaper letter from Scotland. I would rather be scalded to death at once than linger with some burhs.





Such paragraphs as the following are very often seen in the newspapers about this season of the year:

"Mr. Jim Bings' new comedy, *The Early Bird*, was read by the author last week to a select audience of critics who expressed a high opinion of its merits. Overtures have been made to Mr. Bings by a well-known manager, and it is more than probable that *The Early Bird* will be seen at a Broadway theatre during the season."

The early fall crop of these paragraphs has been quite large. They have been worked into the newspapers somehow, and the friends of Bings congratulate him, and drink at his expense, and promise to come around on the first night, and Bings eventually believes that a manager has actually spoken to him about the play, and almost believes that *The Early Bird* will really have a first night. Alas! for the numerous authors of the Bings class; the days will come and the days will go, the biting chill of winter will give place to the genial warmth of spring, and the managers will not have read, and the actors will not have rehearsed, the plays. Then the summer's suns will shine and Bings *et al.* will deny themselves their seaside holidays that they may stay in town and again work their newspaper friends with the paragraphs about the managerial "overtures" and the hoped for "early production." How sad this is, and yet how truly true.

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Talking about plays, I think there is nothing a newspaper writer exaggerates as much—unless it is the amount of his paper's "enormous circulation"—as the amount of profit derived from the production of certain plays. Of course it is the interest of both the theatrical manager and the author to have the newspaper writer do this, but is it right, or does it serve any good purpose? It certainly deceives that part of the public that believes what it reads in the papers. Unless a newspaper was paid for it, it would not lie about the number of bars of soap that Mr. Jones sold last week, nor about the number of patients that Dr. Brown was forced to turn away from his door yesterday; yet, without money and without price, what are called dramatic editors will sometimes with a few strokes of the pen advance the salary of an actor from \$60 to \$150 a week; lift the author from an obscure garret and a share of nothing-a-night in the profits, to real affluence and the possession of "a cozy flat uptown." Then to round off the paragraph nicely they will take the star of the piece out of an ordinary railroad car seat and send him whirling across the country in a special palace car, while they follow this up by cooking the manager's books so that instead of recording the exploiting of the play as "a frost" with a loss to the manager of, say, \$5,000, it is put down as "a well deserved success" that shows a net profit of over \$10,000.

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While I am talking about newspaper writers I feel as if I would like to have my say about the latest stage picture of an alleged reporter.

It seems to me that newspaper men have been unnecessarily troubled regarding the recent presentation on the stage, in Boucicault's new play, of what purports to be a newspaper reporter. The character presented is certainly that of a very offensive creature, and many newspaper men have written about the falsity of the character, claiming that it was a libel on their craft and censuring Boucicault for creating the character. Boucicault does not claim him as a representative reporter nor as a type of a class, so I cannot see what there is to kick about.

We do not hear a protest from the lawyers when a disreputable shyster lawyer is represented on the stage, nor from the bankers when a banker is depicted as a forger, nor from the preachers when a Chadbaud is presented to us with his bogus piety and accentuated hypocrisy. There are shyster lawyers we know, a few bankers have been criminals, and unfortunately all preachers do not practice what they preach; but the dramatist, when he sketches these ignoble characters, does not intend them to be received as representing his idea of the average lawyer, banker, and preacher, nor are they ever so received or understood. So is it with the Boucicault reporter. The dramatist did not intend to use an average reporter in his play; he wanted the disreputable sneak hanger-on, and he used him without intending to reflect on the honorable profession of journalism any more than he intended the Lawyer Meddle in London Assurance to reflect on the legal profession.

So again I say, brethren, Why these tears, why these murmurings, and why this disquietude?

There are as few black sheep among reporters as can be found in any profession. Reporters possess the confidence of the best men in the country, and even under very strong temptations, it is very seldom that they violate that confidence. Still the existence of a "sneak reporter" cannot be denied. I am glad to say, however, that he is a scarce animal, and only a few specimens of his kind have been found infesting the haunts of men. Should you ever happen to run across his spoor I hope you will follow him up and take a crack at him. He has no friends. You will easily recognize him, owing to the fact that he has but a poor collection of brains, very little pride, and is utterly devoid of shame, while at the same time he is great in the matter of gall, abnormally thick of skin, and a Munchausen of mendacity.

This misfit image of his Creator would tell thirty-seven lies in a column for \$5. I don't mean that he would tell the lies for \$5. I do mean that he would write the column for \$5, and couldn't help throwing in that number of lies as he wrote, and he would further be willing at any time to defame his own, or any other person's grandmother to the extent of half a column solid nonpareil for the sum of about \$3.

He is doing very little work on the first-class newspapers now, but once in a while I see traces of him in some dailies. For instance, a few days ago he gave us all the sickening details of a cruel assault committed up town on a little girl, and he concluded by saying; "The father of the young person is a very respectable and worthy man named John Bejinks Smith. He was naturally averse to have the misfortune of his child recorded in the public press, and requested the reporter to withhold his name. He declined to give his address. The reporter, however, after some effort and considerable trouble discovered that Mr. Smith lives at 1990 Thirteenth avenue, where he is engaged in the coal business. The well-known alderman, R. Ranking Smith, is the girl's uncle."

Now, what good does it do to give the man's name and address? It certainly caused great pain to the family, no member of which had done anything to deserve such a disgrace as would result from the publicity given the matter. What did the readers of the paper care whether the family name was Smith or Brown, or whether he was in the coal business or running a saw-mill, and why should the name of the girl's uncle be dragged into the affair at all? A peculiarity of the unclean sneak reporter is that when he reports the dis-

reputable doings of any person he hunts up the names of all the wrongdoer's reputable relatives and publishes them.

This is an iniquity.

There is no law to prevent the wretch's act. You cannot protect yourself against his attacks, but if you ever suffer at his hands I would suggest that you retaliate with a shot-gun or sprinkle a few feathers on him over a substrata of tar.

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What a good and innocent creature is our worthy confrère, Colonel Shepard, of the Mail and Express. He has never been "real devilish" himself, and so he cannot understand devilishness in others. Incidentally in glorifying Prince George for knocking down a few Kanucks who met him in a jet black Montreal night recently, he describes the Prince as a sort of Haroun Al Raschid who was taking an *incognito* stroll with a view to informing himself of the ways and manners of his royal grandmother's Canadian subjects and how they disported themselves in Montreal in the dead waste and middle of the night. This is what the Colonel says:

"Some roughs set upon his party. Whereupon the royal grandson and a faithful companion stood back to back, put up their hands and gave the astonished rowdies a polishing off, whereby five of them sought the bosom of mother earth. At the end of the scrimmage two policemen came along and took the whole party into custody."

"The young Princee has shown that he has some of the blood of Prince Hal in his veins, and Britons will be proud and happy, all over the world, when they hear how the young man acquitted himself in the encounter. The royal George himself will probably cherish the escapade as one of his choicest recollections. He has read Virgil, and perhaps at the very time he was set upon he recalled the cheering words of Pius Æneas:

"*Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*"

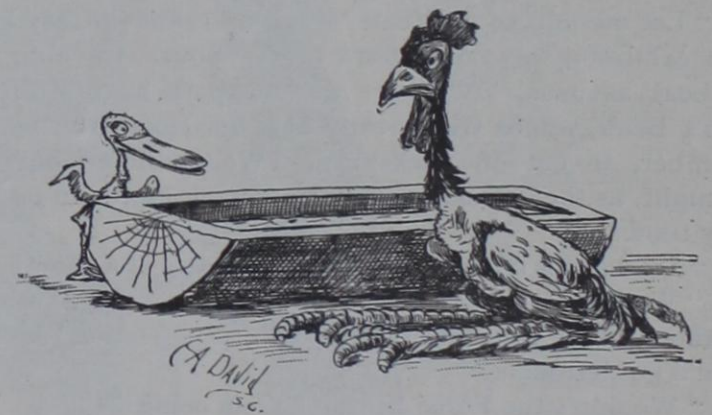
"The story is made absolutely perfect by the Prince's magnanimous conduct in requesting as a personal favor that the policeman who had arrested him should not be punished. Thus princes ought to act; and the stirring tale of George's valor and George's generosity will be told around the world as an example to boys of British blood."

"Such things do not happen often in this prosaic age. When they do they should be noted."

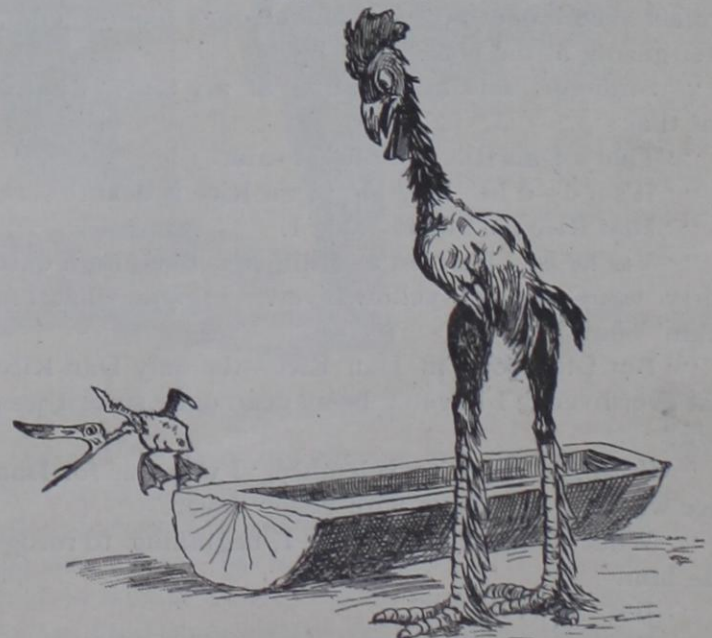
What a beautiful "Black Rod in Waiting" or "Flunkey in Ordinary" would our own Colonel have made had he been born a Briton. With equal facility he would have disgorged a Latin eulogium on a pugnacious prince or drawn his sword in his defense. But—and more's the pity—the Colonel, without any fault of his own, was born in a country where the only sword he was fated to draw he drew in a raffle. The Colonel has evidently not cut his teeth. If he had he would know that when princes go prowling around back alleys in strange towns they are not studying political economy, but are making efforts to see such sights as are suggested to them by a jag that they have concealed inside their persons.

J. ARMOY KNOX.

APPEARANCES ARE SOMETIMES DECEITFUL.



SAUCY DUCKLING—Oh, ho! a very old looking head on a very dumpty looking chicken!



ROOSTER (indignantly)—Did you speak to me, sir?



## WHAT PREVENTED DAN RICE FROM BEING CARRIED OFF BY YELLOW FEVER.



**T**HIS is a fact, just as I say," said Col. Dan Rice, the veteran circus man, to a group of friends seated at Mc Swyny's, 240 Broadway, the other day, "fear of being robbed saved me from being carried off by yellow fever."

"Tell us about it, Colonel," said one.

"It was in the year 1847," said Dan, "that I started out with the first circus of my own, traveling on the Mississippi by steamboat. The yellow fever was raging along the river at the time. I was taken down with it at Milligen's Bend, near the mouth of the Yazoo river. My men removed me from the boat and placed me in an overseer's house, where I was attended by Dr. O'Neill, a young physician from Cincinnati, who had come down to that country to practice on niggers."

"Wasn't you afraid to have him practice on you?"

"Too sick to pay much attention to the practice. A man down with Yellow Jack doesn't ask to see a doctor's diploma, or demand what school he belongs to. I retained a reliable man of my employ as night nurse, and he got a young man, a planter's son, named Jim Oof, who lived there, to take care of me during the day. He was about as desperate a looking man as I had met, and in my weak state I imagined that he was capable of any crime. My safe, containing \$28,000, had been removed with me from my boat, and it stood in the little room where I lay. I watched Jim Oof like a hawk to see that he didn't rob that safe."

"This anxiety must have made you worse."

"No, it didn't. I believe it saved my life, for it diverted my mind from the terrors of the fever. My nurse Oof quit at length, firmly believing that I was a gone coon, as the saying is. But I pulled up, and when convalescent was taken to Bayou Sara (not Bernhardt) and an old practitioner, Dr. Gordon, was called in."

"Still you survived?"

"Still I survived. He asked the young doctor, who had left off practicing on niggers long enough to try his prentice hand on me, what his treatment was, and when he told him he said it was a wonder I had lived under it. But I lived under the pressure of that sheet-iron safe with \$28,000 in it. I couldn't afford to die, understand, with all that money lying about loose."

"Did you ever see that terrifying nurse again?"

"Let me tell you. Years transpired, and in 1875 I was exhibiting my horse show in the South, traveling by boat, as usual. We were at Duckport, near Milligen's Bend, where Gen. Grant dug his canal, you remember, to cut off Vicksburg. We exhibited only at night, as the darkies were busy picking cotton in the day time."

"Are darkies indispensable to the success of a show?"

"Well, you just try running a circus in the South without taking into account 'de cullurd pop'lotion' and you'll get left, sure."

"Wouldn't the Force Bill make 'em come?"

"The Force Bill couldn't keep them away from a circus if they wanted to go. Well, at Duckport I strolled ashore one day, and met a rough looking character gazing at the boat."

"'Stranger,' said he, pointing at my tent, 'what is that thar?'"

"'That's Dan Rice's Show,' I said."

"'It's a d-d lie,' said he, 'Dan Rice is dead.'"

"'Dan Rice isn't dead,' said I."

"'Yes he is. He died at Milligen's Bend nigh onto thirty years ago, of yellow fever. I know what I'm talkin' 'bout.'"

"'But I tell you I'm Dan Rice—the only Dan Rice that ever lived. I haven't been dead once since I was born!'"

"'Stranger,' said he, solemnly, 'I wos nus for Dan Rice when he war down with yellow fever.'"

"'What's your name?' said I, beginning to recognize him."

"'Jim Oof.'"

"'Well, if you nursed me you remember that there was a big sheet-iron safe in the room.'"

"'Yes; there war.'"

"'Well, there was \$28,000 in cash in that safe. I read petty larceny on your face, and it was anxiety about that money that kept me alive. I couldn't afford to die.'"

"'What was that thar you said you read in my face?' asked Jim, doubtfully, for I saw he didn't fully catch the meaning of the term."

"'Petty larceny.'"

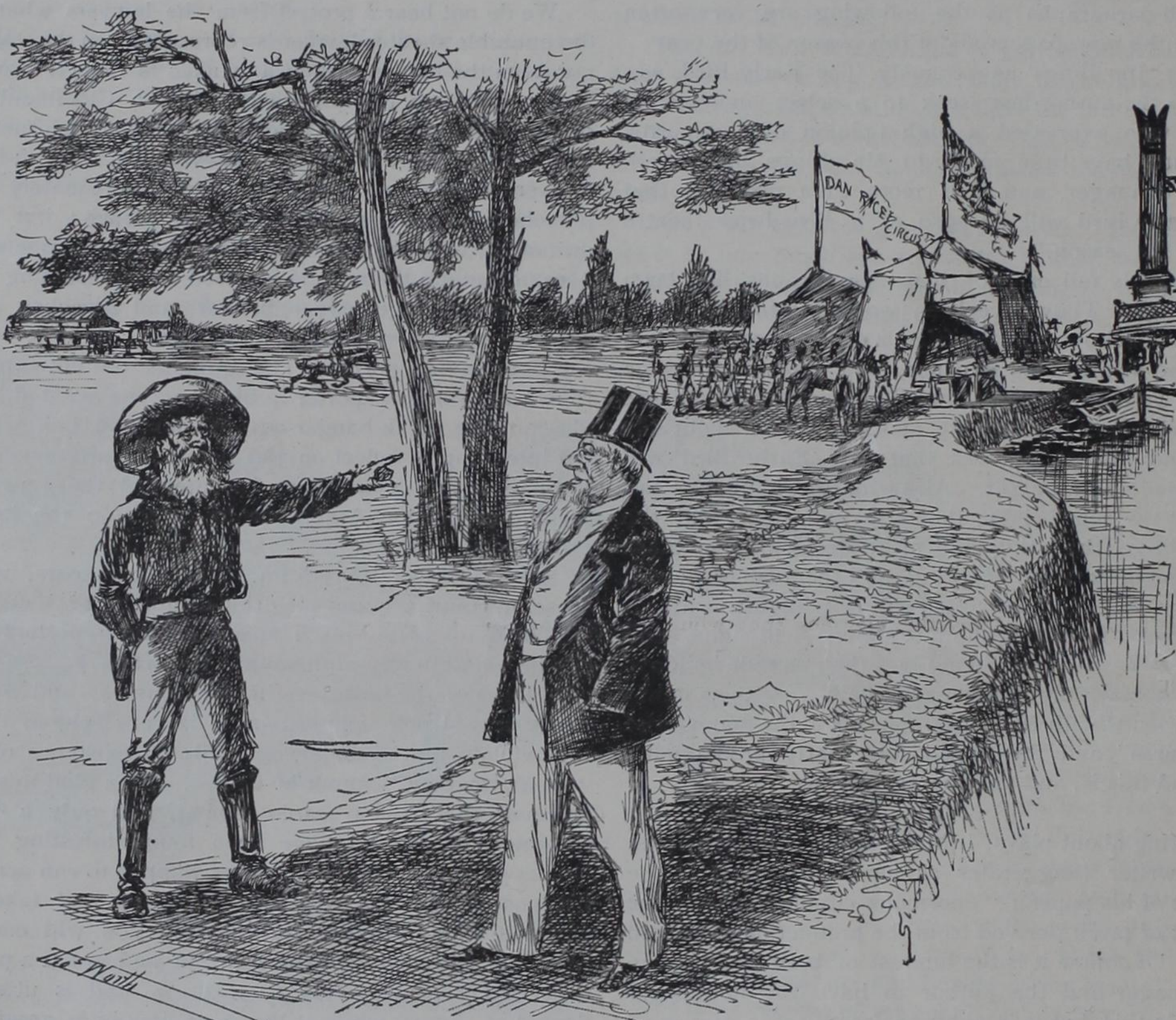
"Jim broke into a smile that made him look uglier than ever and said, 'Wal, they did reckon me rather a good lookin' feller in them days, that's a fact,' and he slowly moved away in the direction of the grocery he kept."

"Two days after Jim Oof killed his own brother in a brutal fight, which proves that I had sized him up about right."

## NO LAUGHING MATTER.

Disappointed Dramatist (bitterly)—Mine was the funniest play ever written, but at its initial performance last night the audience didn't laugh once.

Friend—No laughing matter for you or the audience then.



"What's that thar, Stranger?"

## FRENCH FUN.

(Translated for Texas Siftings.)

WHOM TO CONSULT.

Doctor (to patient)—What ails you?

Patient—Indeed, I don't know. I only know that I suffer.

What kind of life do you lead?

I work like an ox, I eat like a wolf, I am as tired as a dog and I sleep like a horse.

In that case I should advise you to consult a veterinary surgeon.

TOO MANY ENTERTAINMENTS.

Little Daughter—Say, mamma, won't you take me to Cousin Jane's funeral?

Mamma—No, petite; you went to the matinee yesterday and a party last night. You mustn't have too many entertainments at a time.

HE WAS DAZED.

A Friend (to Z., a widower since twenty-four hours)—My poor friend, you seem dazed by your misfortune.

Z.—Yes, indeed, I was married sixteen years, and it seems as though I have come out of a long nightmare.

HOW MUCH IS TWICE NOTHING?

Calino has a dull-headed nephew, who complains about the distribution of prizes in school.

Calino—How many prizes have you taken?

Nephew (despairingly)—Not one.

Calino—Be consoled and work well, my child, and you shall double the number next year.

A CAREFUL COUNTRYMAN.

A countryman stops an omnibus, and wishes to mount to the interior.

Conductor—All full inside, but there is plenty of room on top of the omnibus.

Countryman—But does it go to the same place?

THE MAID KNEW HIM.

Mistress (to her maid)—Did any one call during my absence, Marie?

Marie—Yes, madame; Monsieur Pommier.

Monsieur Pommier? I don't know such a man.

I know him, madame. He came to see me.

## HIC ET HOC.

Bjinks—Pugilism has suffered an irreparable loss in Sullivan's going on the stage.

Bjabbers—Oi don't think poogilism is hurted half so much as the stage, and what's more our Sinators and Ripresentatives are goin' into poogilism.

## WHY HE WAS STRAIGHT.

U.—What makes Smith so straight?

I.—I don't know, unless it is his circumstances.

Many a man has been saved from a charge of stealing by his friends hustling around to make up his "deficit."



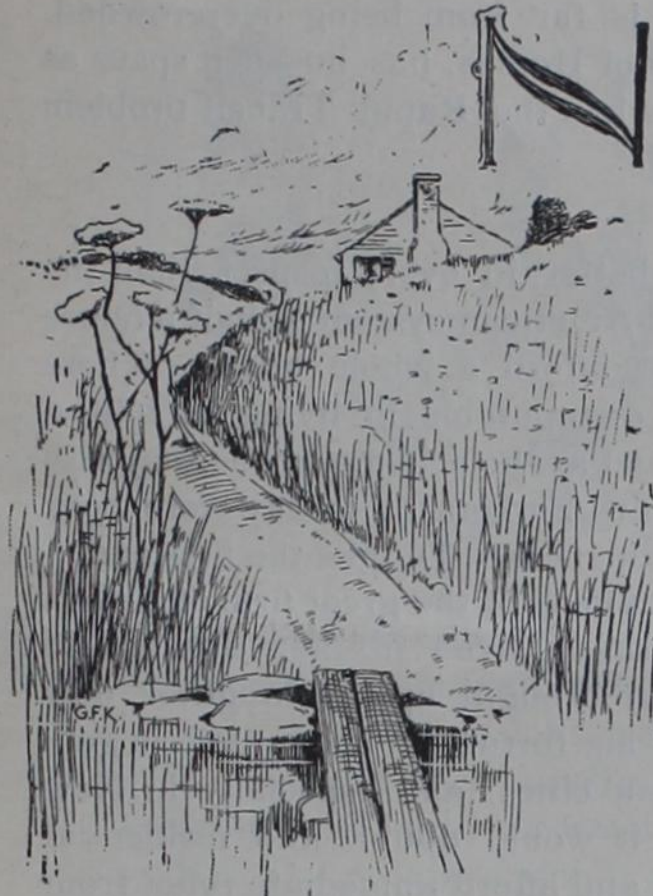
## ANGER LEADS TO ABSURDITIES.

PARROTT—That fellow, Baboony, hasn't got sense enough to be a court fool!

WIGGINS (who has read King Lear)—Have you?



## YE FAITHFUL FISHER BOY.



OW doth the truant  
village boy  
With pinhook, string  
and pole,  
With furtive glance,  
o'er shoulder  
thrown,  
Sneak for his favor-  
ite hole.

When last Spring from  
the swirling brook,  
With mighty swish  
he threw,  
A sunfish huge into a  
tree.  
Which there perverse-  
ly grew;

Alas! for line, and bob,  
and hook,  
On which such hopes  
had hung,

With loop, and knot and tangle, fast  
To branch and twig they clung.

And worst of all! the fish came down,  
Plump in ye pool it went;  
Into the stream it plunged and swam—  
The hook it had unbent.

A mournful wail the valley filled  
And shook the leaves on high,  
The little soul with anguish filled  
Could do naught else but cry.

And yet not all his trouble lost,  
His sorrow, grief and pain;  
That fish was in that hole, he knew,  
And he could come again.

Through hot and sultry Summer time  
With crawfish in a tin,  
And pockets filled with wriggling worms,  
And lunch, and crooked pin,

That patient boy sat by the hole  
And fished and fished in vain,  
Nor heeded he the shortening days,  
Nor recked the season's wane.

Full many a shiner landed he,  
And eke the yellow cat,  
That sullen sunfish would not bite,  
And he was after that.

The tadpole queer, a frog became,  
And sought the reedy fen;  
The wild birds southward winged their way,  
And shrilly piped the wren.

Through purple haze fair Autumn passed  
In robes of Tyrian dyes,  
And Winter following bridged the brook  
And froze his enterprise.

But now that willows fringe the brook  
With bands of gold and green,



The little man is at the hole  
With faith and hope full keen.

That he will get that sunfish yet  
He knows is in the stream,  
Oh, faith sublime! Oh perfect trust!  
Oh, eyes with truthful gleam.

Not vain your lesson to those bad  
Mendacious angler men,  
Who fish and lie with equal grace,  
Then lie and fish again.

Not one of them but would have told  
He'd caught your fish twice o'er  
In one day's fishing in the pool,  
And eke the story swore;

Nor say that in the market place  
The fish was caught, nor tell  
That all his greatest catches were  
But tales of buy and "sell."

J. S. GORDON.

## YOU AND I.

You and I, gentle reader, are two people who are small potatoes and few in the hill. We started out in the spring time of our youth to conquer the world in one way or another, but we have not had time to do it because we have been too busy hustling for bread. You were going to write tragedies and elegiacs that would forever keep your name and your memory green and fragrant upon the earth; I was going to found cities, build railroads and be a paver-of-the-way for a greater civilization. Instead of this, however, you have been lucky if you have always been able to write good checks for your monthly bills, and I have only found (ed) towns where it took hard hustling to stay in the game.

You and I were really destined for great things, and our names might have gone thundering down the corridors of time if we had not to stay at home and plow corn, or saw lumber, or keep books, or sell groceries, or had not had to go away among the dear people to lecture, or sell trees, or canvass for books, or do any of the other unpleasantly necessary things that one must do in order to keep enough money on hand to pay taxes and keep the butcher and the baker in good humor.

You and I may entertain differing opinions about these things, however, and you may really think that you amount to something, while I am quite sure you do not. It is possible that you have gone briskly into the busy marts of commerce and piled up a million or so of dollars, and think that on that account you are entitled to consideration; but please remember that there are more dead and forgotten millionaires than there are voters in this broad land of liberty. You may think that because you stumbled on to a good invention your name will be written in everlasting letters upon the scroll of the world's benefactors; but it is dollars to doughnuts that the Chinese invented and forgot your device while your ancestors were yet cracking nuts in some primeval forest. You may think your books or your poems will live forever; but even the language they are written in will have utterly faded from the world before the men quit wrangling about whether they are descendants of apes or angels.

It is rather soothing to your and my feelings to think that fortune has been against us and that we would have shone like an amateur Aurora Borealis if we had only had a chance, but do you not think that if an honest man up a tree were to impartially give his opinion, he would say that you and I, like himself and his neighbors, are only ordinary, sap-headed men with small ideas and in no danger of having to pay any excess baggage on our brains? And if truth could be hoisted up from her uncomfortable position at the bottom of a well, I believe that she would rear up on her hind legs and bellow out that the man up a tree was right.

V. Z. REED.

## A NEW SCRIPTURAL INTERPRETATION.

Reverend Whangdoodle Baxter recently had occasion to make a pastoral call at the place of business of Sam Johnsing, a colored man well known to the readers of SIFTINGS. Sam has recently opened a small grocery store and bids fair to become one of the colored merchant princes of Austin avenue, on which his store is located.

Jim was at home, and listened patiently to an exhortation about the necessity of avoiding all quarrels, the occasion for such exhortation being a feud between the choir and the pastor of the Austin Blue Light Tabernacle, in which respect there is no material difference between the high-toned white churches and those frequented by the darkeys.

"You must nebber be 'vengeful. You must return good for evil," said Whangdoodle, solemnly.

Parson, ain't dar no 'cepshuns to dat ar rule about returnin' good for bad?"

"Not dat I knows of."

"Den I'se gwinter drop de church, or I'se gwinter quit de grocery bizness."

"Whaffor, Jeems?"

"A nigger bought a dime's wuff ob terbacker yisterday and flung down a dollar bill. De bill was bad, and I folered yore advice widout knowing hit, and guv him ninety cents in good money. Ef I has ter keep on returnin' good fer evil I'se jest gwinter drop de church or de grocery, and I spects hit will be de church."

"Jeems," replied Whangdoodle, "you am bound ter return good for bad, but hit needn't be in de same coin. You is too liberal like. If a man shoves a bad bill on yer return good, but let it be a good whack in de neck wid

an axe helve. You has den fulfilled de scripture and returned good for ebil. Dat lets you outen de scrape. Ef you has yore pew rent handy I'll be obleeged to you for hit. Remember de Lawd lubbs a cheerful giber. Dem what surves at de altar must lib by de altar."

## WHERE DID HE STEAL IT.

Parishoner (to his clergyman)—That was a splendid sermon you preached last Sunday. You should have it printed.

Clergyman (with sudden candor)—It was printed long ago.



## THE KREUTZER SONATA TAME.

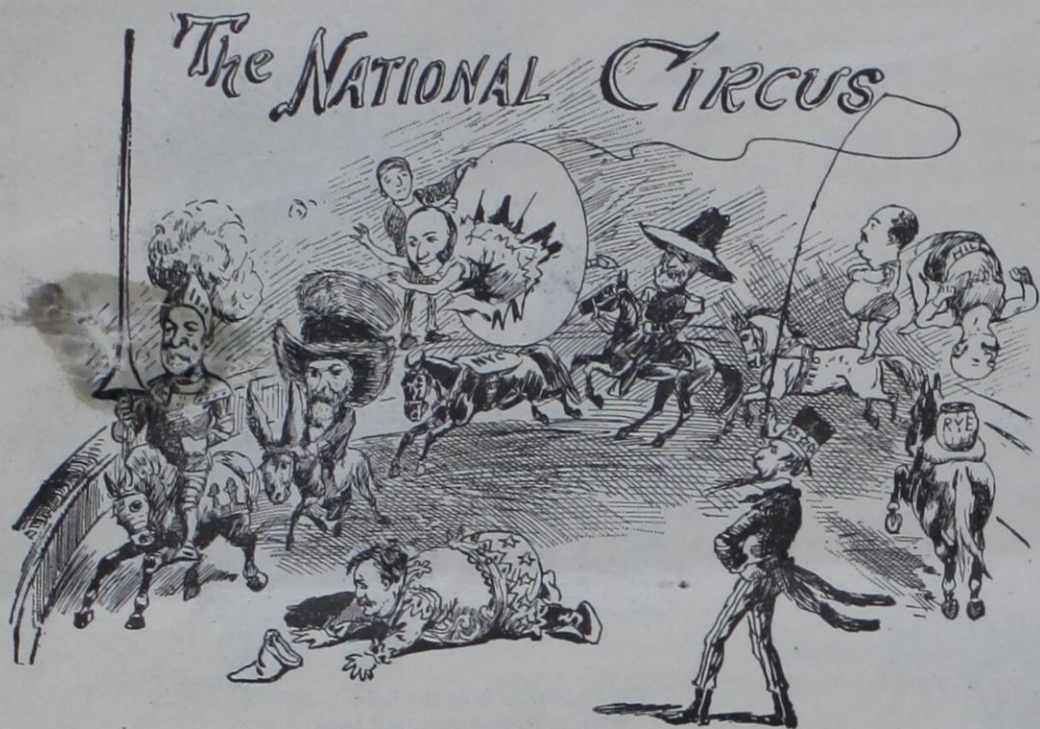
ELDERLY SPINSTER—No, sir. Do not insult me by offering me that book. It is wholly unfit, so I have heard, for girls to read.

BOOK AGENT—I beg your pardon, but the Kreutzer is now all the rage. In this work Tolstoi has reached the very apex of his fame.

Well, I've read the book. I had to send to New York for it, and it was so disappointing. Most of our popular magazine writers get up worse things than that every month.

Madam, I see that you know what you are talking about. Au revoir.





Secretary Windom was very kind to come to New York and take the advice of brokers and bankers about the best way to relieve the tightness of the money market. But was he wise to ask advice from those most interested in leading him astray? So far as the tightness of money affects the stock gamblers of Wall street, it is altogether artificial. They do business on wind—not on Windom. They use very little money, their differences being settled by checks on their credits at the banks which back them. A few of them are locking up all the silver they can get hold of, so as to run it up to a par with gold, and thus they are helping to make money tight. The bankers are short of ready money, because they have loaned vast sums to the importers to hurry immense quantities of foreign goods into the country, in order to defeat, as far as possible, the intentions of the new Tariff Bill. Now, is Secretary Windom justified in lending them aid to interfere with a tariff adopted by his own party? While Blaine does his little utmost against the new tariff with his Reciprocity scheme, Windom attacks it on the other flank by advancing money to help those importers who are seeking to escape from its provisions. His recommendation to postpone the enforcement of the new tariff until next February ought to open everybody's eyes to his true antagonistic position.

One suggestion of the situation is a reconstruction of the Cabinet. Naturally, Mr. Harrison desires to keep his administration in sympathy and accord with the Republican party as represented in Congress. But his foes are of his own household. The two most important Cabinet offices are held by men whose obvious—if not avowed—intention is to thwart the new departure which has brought Speaker Reed and Mr. McKinley to the front as leaders. Whether the new policy be right or wrong is a question between the Republicans and the Democrats; but there can be no question that it is the policy of the Republican party and must be carried into effect by the Administration, instead of being slyly evaded by the Secretary of State and the Secretary of the Treasury.

The importers squeal loudly, because they are being badly pinched. The ancient conundrum: "What makes more noise than a pig under a gate?" has a new answer: "An importer under the McKinley tariff." But it was fully understood by all concerned in the election of Harrison that the Republican party was to help American industries and discriminate against foreign products; that it would assist American manufacturers and shut out foreign goods. Importers are only middlemen. They are un-American by trade. They make their money by supporting foreigners in preference to resident workers. Whenever they have the power, they build up the Democratic party. Some of them are Republicans from policy; but all of them are Democrats from interest. They have sent millions of dollars out of this country and into the pockets of foreigners, and have thus created a tightness in the money market. But they have done this to head off Congress and load themselves with goods before the new tariff goes into effect; and Secretary Windom opposes Congress when he comes to the relief of the importers.

New York, which is the principal importing city of the United States, is also the principal Democratic city. Its Democratic majority is made up of the clerks, laborers and other employes of the importers; of the steamship companies, which serve the importers; of the banks, which advance money to the importers, and of the thousand and one interests which centre upon importation in a maritime city. The population of New

York has at least eighty per cent. of this foreign element. Consequently, it does not represent American policy by its votes. The importers are the connecting links between the eighty per cent. of foreigners here and the old countries which are their real homes. Take a walk through the importing district of the city, and how often do you see an American name? Now, the Republican party has decided that New York has been pampered long enough, and that the domestic interests of the whole country shall no longer be sacrificed to the importing interests of New York. This policy may be right or wrong; that is for American citizens to decide at the polls; but, since it has been deliberately decided upon by Congress, the duty of the Harrison administration is to carry it out.

Meanwhile, this is the time to pick up cheap bargains. Whatever the ultimate effect of the new tariff may be, its immediate effect is to benefit the people by making prices lower than ever. The old devices of "Bankrupt Sale!" and "Slightly Damaged by Fire!" are as nothing to the cry of "Buy Before the New Tariff Begins!" The importers must have money; the retailers must pay the importers; the public have more ready cash than Secretary Windom can shovel out of the Treasury, and, therefore, bargain prices prevail everywhere. One may go into any store blindfolded and buy things hap-hazard with the certainty that he is paying less than he did three months ago. When anybody tells you that the new tariff will make everything dearer, just point to the present prices at all the stores, and the laugh will be on your side. Indeed, the dodges of politicians are as good fun as any of the other jokes in TEXAS SIFTINGS.

The flat-houses, imitated from the French and Scotch cities, have taken no root in this country, except in New York. Even here the tide of public opinion is steadily turning against them. They are being ridiculed on the stage; their rents are steadily falling, and they have ceased to be considered fashionable. At its best, a flat is only a decent tenement house. It is never, in the American sense, a home. The family motto:

GOD BLESS OUR FLAT!

exists only in satire. Even Patti would not venture to sing flat and substitute for "Home, Sweet Home,"

Be it ever so humble,  
There's no place like flat!  
A charm from the skies  
Seems to brighten us there  
Which, seek through the world,  
Is not met with elsewhere.  
Flat! flat! Sweet, sweet flat!

An exile from flat,  
Pleasures dazzle in vain!  
O, give me my six-story  
Flat back again!  
Flat! flat! Sweet, sweet flat!

You feel at once that there is no place for the home sentiment in these tenements. There is no privacy, the whole family being on one floor and the windows of twenty other families opening into the same air-shaft. When the loss of comfort and of health, the extortions of janitors and the general sense of homelessness and vagabondage be considered, no flat is cheap, except for those who are too poor to live anywhere else.

The argument in favor of flat-houses is that the city is overcrowded and that they save valuable space by putting people up in the air. But this is not true. There are hundreds of acres in New York which are practically unoccupied by its inhabitants. To say nothing of what is called the Annexed District, and is fast being built up, you will find, below Fifty-ninth street, between Sixth avenue and the river, thousands of little houses, which used to be real American homes, now fallen into decay and not yet replaced by modern dwellings. Here once lived the genuine New Yorkers, and here genuine New Yorkers might again live, in comfortable homes, if the land were cleared of the tumble-down, rat-infested, brick shanties that now cover it. Besides, there are acres of lumber yards in that section of the city. Fancy giving up West Fourteenth street to lumber yards and going away out to Harlem to find somewhere to live! The suburbs of New York, in which a real home may be purchased for what it

costs to reside in a flat, are well-grounded (and watered) proofs that the city is far from being overcrowded. Philadelphia, the City of Homes, has no such space as New York will have when the Rapid Transit problem is satisfactorily solved.

A thousand times better, in every respect, than the flat nuisance is the old American system of half a house for those who cannot afford a whole house. There used to be nothing disreputable in living in half a house, provided you had a whole home. The majority of the wealthy old New Yorkers of to-day were born and reared in such residences. To take the first example at hand—the recent head of the great firm of Acker, Merrill & Condit formerly lived in half a house in Duane street, and there brought up his daughter, now the heiress of most of his fortune. The system is general in most American cities, and especially in New Haven. To restore it would double the residential capacity of New York and afford immediate relief from the evils of flats.

One of these evils is often remarked by visitors. Our streets are full of women, gadding about without any definite purpose except to look in at the shop-windows and meet other gadders. Living in flats, they have no homes. Their visits, their shopping expeditions and their theatre matinees do not fill up all their spare time, and so they take to the streets—not for any immoral purpose, of course; but from sheer idleness and from that tired feeling which comes from the lack of privacy in a flat. Women who have homes are never driven to kill time in this way. Can you imagine our mothers and grandmothers walking up and down the streets, day after day, with no definite object except to get through the hours between breakfast and dinner?

Women who are thus turned into the streets by flat life dress richly to attract the attention or excite the envy of their sisters in misfortune. Nothing can be more vulgar than the display of costly costumes and jewelry by the ladies on New York sidewalks. Elsewhere, when a woman dresses for the street, she puts on a plain, neat, serviceable costume, just as a man wears his business suit. But the flat woman has no chance to display her showy dresses; the rooms are not large enough; society in a flat is preposterous. So, she assumes for her street promenade attire which other ladies would reserve for calls or for parties. She knows that her silks and satins, laces and furbelows are as inappropriate as her diamond ornaments for a pedestrian expedition; but this is one of the flat fashions, and our streets are disgraced by the vulgar ostentation. Even the *demi-monde* is not so offensive in this respect as what may be christened the *appartement-monde*—a term which includes and emphasizes all the faults of the flat women.

Apropos to women, let me record that the Staten Island Dyeing Establishment, whose treatment of their working girls was rebuked last week, have replied to TEXAS SIFTINGS in a paraphrase of the well-known remark made by Captain Scott's coon, and promise that all the reforms suggested shall be at once inaugurated, and that the poor girls shall be treated with proper consideration. Under the circumstances, the company ought to have a fair trial. It is an old, established concern, and has always given satisfaction to its customers. Let us hope that it will hereafter be equally satisfactory to its working people.

The design selected for General Grant's monument will never be half as popular as the Temple of Liberty, described by TEXAS SIFTINGS. It begins with an Egyptian pyramid for \$150,000; is to be crowned by a Grecian Temple for \$500,000, and ornamented with Doric columns and Roman statues for \$500,000 more. General Grant was neither an Egyptian, a Greek nor a Roman, and hence his monument will be most inappropriate to a plain, simple American hero and statesman. However, since it is the best we can do, let us do it, and try to retrieve the inartistic design by the promptness of its erection. Now that the design is chosen, the popular subscriptions ought to flow in rapidly and generously. The millionaires who promised to erect a monument to Grant if his family would allow him to be buried here, should come forward with their thousands, and the poor people with their dollars and their dimes. The more persons who subscribe the greater will be the honor to General Grant, who ranks next to Washington and Lincoln in the hearts of his countrymen.

THE RINGMASTER.



## A MODERN MATINEE.



CENE — MRS. DESMONDE'S morning room.

Time—High noon.

Mrs. D. is "discovered" breakfasting over her letters in one of Pingat's smartest old rose creations. Enter

—with a Rehanesque rush—Phyllis Van Wort—an ex-tailormade, rather pale but very *chic*. (Phyllis is one of those girls who would wear a coaching coat to the guillotine and die happily with a bonbonniere and lorgnette clasped to her heart.)

Mrs. D. (smiling languidly with hands outstretched)—"My darling girl! What does a visit at this unearthly hour portend? How cold your lips are. You will have a cup of tea with me, I know. Sit down, won't you, and tell me of your slain and wounded at last night's rehearsal."

Phyllis (with a chilly little laugh)—"Ah, Kittie, how can you forgive me for interrupting you over your letters?"

Mrs. D. (putting them carefully out of sight)—"They can wait, my dear. Now tell me, what is the matter. You are really pale. Have you and Tom been quarreling? (Shaking her head.) Ah, these amateur theatricals. They are worse than the Mt. Desert tennis nets for laughing up enthusiastic young hearts."

(Phyllis waves the tea-cup away; shakes her head wearily at the muffins, loosens her coat, buries her head in Mrs. D. Desmond's lap and begins to sob into the old rare accordion pleats.)

Mrs. D.—"Why Phillie."

Phyllis—"It is all over, Kittie, with your cousin Tom. I might have known what the result would be when I engaged myself to a Manhattan Clubman—a creature who thinks that when he sends one a bunch of roses in the morning his conduct of the day before will be forgotten. I know he is your cousin, Kittie, but I shall never forgive him. I told mamma this morning that she must write and break the engagement. I am not a child to be fed upon Huyler's bonbons and stifled with violets when I ask for an explanation of suspicious happenings."

Mrs. D.—"But—my dear Phyllis!"

Phyllis (impressively)—"Listen, Kittie. Mamma and I were shopping yesterday morning, and we drove to Tiffany's to look at that turquoise ring which you know I wanted so badly. Just as we stopped at the door, a familiar form, Tom, (with a gasp) hurriedly assisted a lady into a hansom, jumped in himself and they were whirled off. It was all in a minute, but in that minute I recognized him. His companion was a prettily dressed woman—but decidedly fast-looking."

"Mrs. D.—"What!"

Phyllis—"Yes, fast looking. One of those intense blondes all in black—dotted veil, you know, and all that."

Mrs. D. (hoarsely and with falling inflection)—"Well."

Phyllis—"Don't imagine Kittie that I would be so childish as to take offence at his driving off in a hansom with a strange woman. Not at all. But in the evening, at eight, as usual, he is announced; I keep him waiting for over half an hour and then I walk down the stairs slowly, enter the parlor deliberately and give him—my hand."

Mrs. D. (smiling incredulously)—"I happen to know Tom better than that, Phillie."

Phyllis—"Well, the wretch evidently saw that his flirtation had been discovered, and with what I have always designated as his Seventh Regiment effrontery, he laughed softly, shook my hand courteously, and then—suddenly—"

Mrs. D. (leaning forward with interest)—"Well?"

Phyllis (indignantly)—"Kissed me several times!"

Mrs. D.—"The wretch!"

Phyllis—"Then I demanded an explanation of his afternoon drive. He laughingly refused. I insisted. He called me 'little girl,' and several other idiotic things; whistled in a most ill-bred way; treated me altogether like a child, till at last I told him I had never loved him, that he would kindly consider our engagement broken off, (tears) and then I said good evening and went up-stairs; heard the door slam five minutes later, and now he is free to continue his vulgar flirtation with some chorus girl, probably. He, no doubt, regards

it as a capital joke; it—doesn't—matter—but—I—thought he—loved me—Kittie" (buries her head in Mrs. D's lap with effective burst of tears.)

Mrs. D. (talking tenderly to Phyllis' back hair)—"No, my dear little girl, not as a joke. I have a letter here from Tom which I shall read you, for I want you to know just how hasty you have been in your judgment of one of the best fellows in New York. Listen: (with dramatic effect) 'Dear Cousin Kittie:—Phil has made a row over our trip to the jeweler's after that precious turquoise which you told me she wanted. (Reading with great emphasis.) She failed to recognize you in your new gown. I am sure the little girl will confide in you, but tell her nothing, as I shall send her the ring and let her 'forgive' me afterward. I shall—' (the bell rings. A military step is heard in the hall.) Mrs. D. puts her finger to her lips and slides through the curtains. Phyllis rises hurriedly with a vain attempt to appear dignified and confronts Tom, who is looking remarkably gay, (considering his dismissal of the evening before) and who wears a carnation in his coat.

Phyllis—"Tom!"

Tom (slightly surprised)—"Miss Van Wort—don't let me—" (Phyllis' glove falls. He returns it—their hands meet—Phyllis lifts her eyes to his—thrilling situation.)

Phyllis (timidly)—"Tom—can you forgive me for my words of last night? I didn't mean it at all, Tom—and—I—I do trust you—and—"

Tom (coldly)—"Yes—what?"

Phyllis (softly)—"Love you, Tom—and—" But the rest is lost in the folds of an Inverness. (Grand tableau—not necessarily for publication.) Presently Mrs. Desmond appears between the curtains. With magnificently assumed slyness she throws Tom's letter into the grate, and smiles negatively at him in answer to his inquiring gaze.

Some one is playing "Oh, Mamma," softly in the next room.



## UNDAUNTED.

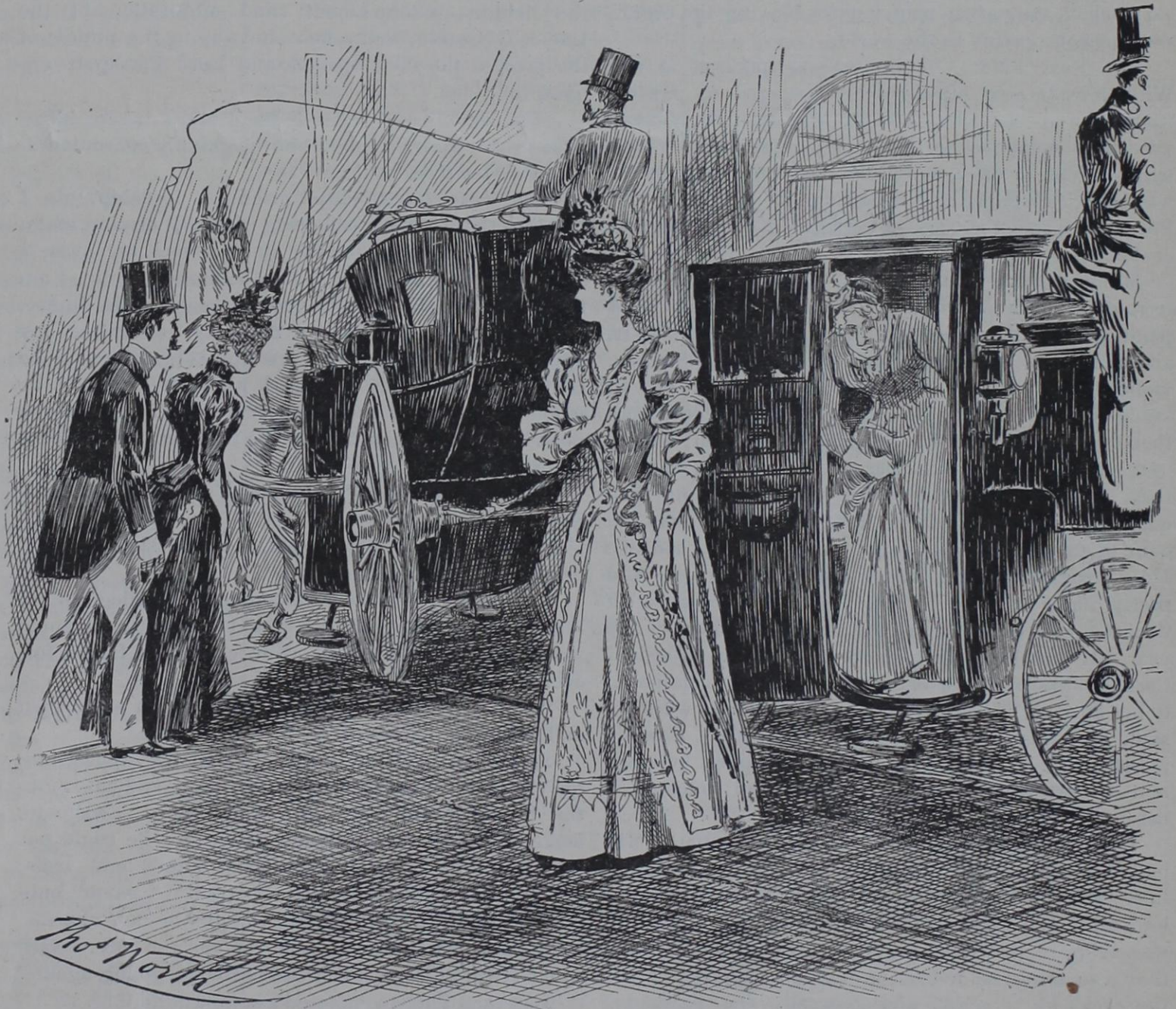
THE DAUGHTER—How dare you fairly pound my door down?

THE BOOK FIEND—I beg your pardon. Have I disturbed you?

Disturbed! Fly, or I'll call the police! You have waked our baby.

Oh! Well, just let me get him to sleep for you while you look over a copy of *The Slings and Arrows of Outrageous Fortune*—only \$1.

Customer—Waiter, there's brown soap on this fork.  
Julius Cæsar—Sure enuff, sir. I told the girl she was washing the table-ware too much altogether.



"A familiar form—Tom—assisted a lady into a hansom."

Phyllis (blushing shamelessly)—"Kittie will have to give you a new carnation, Tom."

THE END.

KATE MASTERSON.

## WHERE HE GOT HIS "TIN."

Bill—I just heard from Jim Ketchum. He's been making loads of money out of some tin mines in Dakota.

Jack—Did he get any tin out there?

Bill—Certainly. It was from an English syndicate and not from the mines, however.

## A PHILANTHROPIC TRAMP.

"Would you mind giving me another bowl of coffee; and make it a little stronger, please?" said the tramp at the kitchen door of a benevolent housewife.

"Another bowl of coffee! Why, you have drank two already," said the good lady.

"It is not altogether for myself that I drink it," replied the tramp, sadly. "I have read that coffee sometimes produces inebriety, and I wish to test it in order to be able to caution my fellows, that's all. No more this morning? Well, so-long."



## COOK AND COUNTESS.



EV. PETER COWSLIP, Vicar of Mudsworth-in-the-Marsh, had an only daughter. She was so pretty that she might have actually aspired, though she had not a penny in the world, to marrying a fashionable curate. But though Patty was penniless, she was ambitious, and she had not the slightest idea

of marrying the most fashionable of curates.

It is not necessary to describe what Patty was like. "Rather above than below the ordinary height," as novelists say, rich chestnut hair, with a glint of gold in it, an excellent figure, small ears, brown eyes, with dark eyebrows and lashes, pearly teeth set in the rosy frame of a pair of lips arched like Cupid's bow, a round and dimpled chin, a swan-like neck—Bah! we have all once in our lives met somebody as charming as Miss Patty Cowslip; but, as a rule, the experience has not been repeated. We must not forget, though, that Miss Patty's arms and hands were her strong point; a queen might have envied them, for they were absolutely perfect.

Miss Patty Cowslip had had a decent education; but beyond the annual subsidy of ten pounds sterling a year, which the parish paid her for playing the organ, she had not a penny in the world.

The Rev. Peter Cowslip was as poor as a rat. With considerable difficulty he managed to pay his tradesman at the year's end; but the Rev. Peter dined every day much better than many millionaires. And why? Was it on account of the poor clergyman's wicked extravagance? Not a bit of it; the fact is that Patty was a splendid cook—a born genius for the noblest of the arts.

Many modern young ladies, having purchased a terra-cotta jar and rendered it hideous with daubs of paint, compel their friends to fall down and worship it, and call it art; other girls torment us with the piano, violin, banjo, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music; other girls sing. All these people work their wills upon us with impunity. We grin; we say "Oh, thank you so much," because we are obliged to do that; and our politeness is treated as an encore, and then our sufferings recommence. Pretty Patty Cowslip did none of these dreadful things; but she could cook like Ude, Francatelli, and Soyer rolled into one. And pretty Patty went up to town, entered the School of Cookery, and came out as the senior wrangler of the year. It was Patty first, the rest nowhere. Monsieur Caramel, the professor of ornamental pastry, proposed to her at once; but Patty refused him, for, as we have said, she was ambitious. And then Miss Cowslip issued a neat little advertisement, took modest lodgings in a modest West End street, and began to teach on her own account.

Lord Fleshpotts was a widowed nobleman. He had three unmarried daughters—the Ladies Gwendoline, Ermyngarde, and Ermyngarde Casserole. His lordship was a great sufferer from indigestion, and he was dying of bad dinners. No cook ever stayed more than a month in his house; each of his daughters ruled the roast for a week, and generally the particular young lady who happened to be responsible for the dinner on any given evening left the room in tears before the dessert was put upon the table. If Lord Fleshpotts would only have dined at his club, all might have been well; but he persisted in dining at home, and the lives of his three daughters were slow martyrdoms.

It chanced one day that they saw Miss Cowslip's advertisement in the St. James's Gazette. Lady Gwendoline pointed it out to her sisters. They ordered

the carriage early the next morning, and they were ushered into Miss Patty's neat little sitting-room in Park street. "We don't want to take lessons, Miss Cowslip," said Lady Gwendoline. "We're too stupid," said Lady Ermyngarde. "And it would be no use," said Lady Ermyngarde. "But, oh! Miss Cowslip, couldn't you come every morning and give us a few hints, for pa is wasting visibly?" cried the eldest girl.

"It's novelty that poor papa requires," sobbed the second daughter; 'refreshing' novelty and perpetual change.' Those are his very words, Miss Cowslip, his cruel, heartless words."

"Has Lord Fleshpotts ever tasted apple-dumplings?" asked Patty Cowslip, solemnly.

"It's a *plat* I never heard of," exclaimed Lady Gwendoline.

"They were a favorite dish with His Majesty King George the Third," remarked Patty, the historian.

"And we've never even heard of them!" sighed Lady Ermyngarde.

So it was arranged that Patty was to come the next day and teach them how to make apple-dumplings, for which she was to receive a fee of one guinea; and, as a personal favor, she wrote them a charming little menu, in which among the sweet dishes appeared the item, "Apple-dumplings *à la* George Trois."

At two o'clock the next day, Miss Cowslip was shown into their ladyships' boudoir. A clean white cloth, by Patty's direction, was laid upon the round table in the centre of the room; flour, water, a dish of apples, some brown sugar, some cloves, a pastry-board, and a basin were brought in by Adolphus John, the six-foot coachman, and then each of the ladies Casserole, provided with a silver knife, began to peel an apple.

Poor things, they couldn't even do that properly. But Patty Cowslip, who had taken off her hat and gloves, laid aside her jacket, and donned a natty little Swiss apron trimmed with Russian embroidery, rolled up her sleeves and displayed her magnificent arms, and demonstrated the proper way to peel an apple, to the delight, astonishment, and admiration of the Ladies Casserole; and when she was in the middle of the process the door opened, and Lord Fleshpotts entered the room.

"Pa," said Lady Gwendoline, "allow me to introduce to you Miss Cowslip, who has kindly consented to give us a few lessons."

"My dear young lady!" cried his lordship, "do I speak to the talented authoress of the charming menu I hold in my hand? Ever since it met my eyes, I have felt a new sensation. I've eaten no lunch. I am reserving myself for your most elegant little dinner. But you have aroused my curiosity as well as my appetite. What on earth are apple-dumplings *à la* George Trois? It is a dish I have never met in the whole course of my vast experience." ("She's got the most lovely arms and hands," he thought, "that I ever saw in my life!")

Patty smiled. ("What teeth!" thought his lordship.)

"You shall see them made, Lord Fleshpotts," said Patty, "if you care to look on."

"If I care! It will be the proudest privilege of my life. My dear Gwendoline," said the earl, "I could watch the movements of your charming friend forever."

"Pa!" cried the Ladies Casserole, in an astonished and indignant chorus.

And then Professor Patty divided her apples into quarters, and then she made the paste and cut it into the requisite sized squares. And Lord Fleshpotts looked on with respectful admiration, for he could not take his eyes off her magnificent hands and arms. "If," he thought, "that shapely creature would only prepare my meals forever, life would still have charms. I can't ask her to be my cook, for she's a lady. Gad! when I look at her I feel myself growing young again."

Just then Patty completed the first dumpling.

"What do you think of that, Lord Fleshpotts?" she said, as she displayed the little white sphere on her extended palm.

"My dear young lady," said Lord Fleshpotts, gazing at her arm and hand, "it's a dream of loveliness."

"Your lordship is laughing at me," said Miss Patty.

"I'm not, I assure you!" burst in the enamored peer; "I could eat it raw!"

And then the three Ladies Casserole simultaneously began to hate Professor Patty with a deadly hatred.

But Miss Cowslip hadn't come to Eaton Square to waste her time. She turned out the rest of the apple-dumplings with the celerity of a practiced hand. She took no further notice of his lordship, but she pocketed her guinea, which Lady Gwendoline tendered wrapped

in the conventional piece of tissue-paper, and took her leave.

The dinner that evening in Eaton Square was for once a success, and Lord Fleshpotts was helped three times to apple-dumpling *à la* George Trois.

The next day, when Miss Cowslip arrived at Eaton Square, she was shown into his lordship's study.

"My dear young lady," cried Lord Fleshpotts, as he advanced with extended hands, "I'm delighted to see you! Words fail me," he added, in a broken voice, "to sufficiently express my appreciation of your beauty and accomplishments. The crispness of the crust, my dear madam (they were baked dumplings), was indescribable. I have one question to ask you, Miss Cowslip. Will you be my wife?"

Patty Cowslip felt as if the room was going round with her.

The enamored peer dropped upon his knees.

"If the devotion of a life-time—" he began.

"Don't, Lord Fleshpotts!" said Patty.

"You've found the way to my heart, my darling—"

\* \* \* \* \*

The second Lady Fleshpotts is a very popular person, and her dinners are celebrated. She has married off her three step-daughters to Mustard, Soap, and Furniture respectively, and she takes the most dutiful care of her husband.

His lordship's bill, the British Cooks' Compulsory Education Act, comes on for first reading at an early date, and the young Countess of Fleshpotts has promised to give evidence at the Royal Commission which is expected to be appointed upon the subject.—St. James's Gazette.

## W. K. VANDERBILT PALE AND SAD.

William K. Vanderbilt, the proprietor of the prettiest race-course in America, was in the club-house. He has rarely favored his own property with a visit in recent years. Mr. Vanderbilt is looking pale, thin, wan and sad. Either the cares and responsibilities of looking after a fortune of something like one hundred millions of dollars are wearing upon him, or the pace of the Newport season this year (which, it is currently reported, has been so rapid as to discount Salvator's mile in 1:35 1-2) has been so exhausting that Mr. Vanderbilt feels in need of rest and recreation. Perhaps this was the reason why he sought the peaceful shades of Sheepshead Bay, where all is tranquil, poetic, serene, where nothing vexes, where no care arises, where the current of life's progress moves on unruffled, unrippled and unwrinkled, mirror-like and calm. General sympathy was expressed for Mr. Vanderbilt, for really he did not look well. It was pathetic to see the eager glances of good wishes that were cast upon him from all sides, and many a tender-hearted man who looked upon his pale face and wearied eyes could hardly choke down the impulse which was stirring within him to go up to Mr. Vanderbilt, to press his hand fervently, and to say to him in tones throbbing with tearful charity: "Mr. Vanderbilt, if you find the burden of a hundred millions too heavy, we will gladly relieve you of a part of it."

So far as could be noted, Mr. Vanderbilt betrayed no disposition to share the tiresome load of riches with the bookmakers. He is too wealthy to care about winning money by gambling on the races, as he could buy out the whole betting ring. As the property which he has inherited and accumulated must have exceeded in value the total possessions of the 15,000 people who were at the track, not excluding the millionaires who were present, Mr. Vanderbilt thoughtfully and generously refrained from annexing any of the gains of the bookmakers to his prodigious and stupendous wealth. This was indeed good of him. But when a man counts his riches by the scores of millions, why should he care to diminish the little store that each busy ant among his fellow creatures has accumulated by a judicious and frugal bribing of jockeys, corrupting of trainers and diverting the straight stream of equine development into devious by-ways and crooked corners. Let the bookmakers rejoice and let them be truly grateful to Mr. Vanderbilt. He might have left them all destitute yesterday or any other day when he chose to visit the races and to play the great game of the turf without a limit. But he indulgently refrained. He abstained from interfering with their insectivorous actions, and was content with the moderate acquirements and investments of his career.—N. Y. Tribune.

Boker's Bitters since 1828 acknowledged to be by FAR the BEST and FINEST Stomach Bitters made, whether taken PURE or with wines or liquors.

## For Inebriety

## Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. JOHN J. CADWELL, Baltimore, Md., says: "It has proven by experiment and experience to be highly beneficial in inebriety and mental troubles."





EVE raised Cain.—Dallas News.

YOUNG DAVID rocked Goliath to sleep.—Dallas News.

CALIFORNIA dried prunes are ripe.—Kentucky State Journal.

SUCCESSFUL pursuers always beat a retreat.—Drake's Magazine.

A SMALL foot often gives a young man the big head.—Exchange.

CAN egg-plants be hatched in incubators?—Norristown Herald.

GRANT'S monument is at present a want column.—New York Morning Journal.

'Twas in the autumn of the year,  
And there the youth and maid  
Told o'er again the story old  
Beneath the chestnut's shade.  
—Exchange.

THE Farmers' Alliance evidently thinks it's some pumpkins.—Boston Labor Leader.

THE joint stock company sometimes turns out to be a joint stuck company.—Galveston News.

HOWEVER well-bread a baker may be, he's generally a loafer and a White Cap.—St. Joseph News.

HASH is a great mystery, but how so many people get it without paying for it is a greater.—Dallas News.

The melancholy days have come  
We hear so much about;  
The outing-shirt goes under,  
And as undershirt comes out.  
—Puck.

THE lay of the land is easily found just now. It's the same old lay—Annie Rooney.—St. Joseph News.

A MUCH better quality of politics could be made by using more solids and less liquids.—Galveston News.

IN Southern politics there is no longer any doubt that horns are coming out all over the dilemma.—Galveston News.

JOHNNIE—"My pop is richer'n your pop." Freddy—"Mebbe he is, but he'll never get back the money he lent my pop."—Harper's Weekly.

"Man, know thyself," and thus secure  
The good that doth from knowledge flow,  
But when you know yourself be sure  
You don't tell people all you know.  
—Boston Commonwealth.

MAIDEN TRAVELER—Quick, porter. There's a rat or something in my berth! Whang Bang (of Chinese Embassy in next berth)—"Hey! Chasey-lat in here. Glet a dolla!"—Life.

"I'd much rather," said the elderly maiden, "marry a poor young man full of hope than a rich one full of whisky." Noble woman! You should be a mother.—Kentucky State Journal.

He loved the widow and he loved cigars,  
She hated them, though they were e'er so fine.  
When asked to marry: "If you give up your weeds,"  
She answered, "I will gladly give up mine."  
—Boston Gazette.

THERE is considerable similarity in one particular between a grasshopper and a growing boy. It is supposed that a grasshopper devours three times its own weight every fifteen days.—The Ram's Horn.

"My dear," said his wife, "the storm is going to be violent, and I fear this old building in which we have taken shelter is not safe." "Quiet your fears," said her husband, reassuringly; "it will soon blow over." And it did.—Norristown Herald.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN says: "To tell you the honest truth, I have seldom been hit real good and hard." John is now an actor, and he will tell a different tale when several of his hard-up Thespian friends "strike him" for \$50 apiece.—Norristown Herald.

It is said that the time is not far distant when it will be impossible to tell whether a woman on the street is wearing the real sealskin or only a plush imitation. Some husbands have been waiting twenty-five years for that time to arrive.—Norristown Herald.

Angostura Bitters are the best remedy for removing indigestion. Sold by druggists.

### The King and the Peasant.

One day while the King of the Cannibal Islands was out hunting for grizzly bears, he became separated from his retainers, and after wandering about for a long time he finally came upon the cabin of a peasant. The peasant hadn't the least idea who the stranger was, of course, and he invited the king to enter and make himself as comfortable as possible. His Royal Nibbs, seeing how the land lay, thought to get an honest opinion of himself, and after a bit he led off with:

"They say that the king is out on a hunt to-day."

"No doubt of it," replied the peasant; "he has of late seized upon every pretext to neglect the king business, and let's affairs of state go to the dogs."

"They say he drinks."

"Alas! yes. He can guzzle more budge than any four old drunkards in the country."

"And that he is harsh and tyrannical."

"You bet! He'd grind our noses to get an extra dollar in taxes, and he is always after a new law to abridge our liberties."

"And that he is a spendthrift."

"Ah! sir; if he wasn't a king he'd be a loafer and a vagabond."

"But he must have some good features," protested the king, as he sweated under the collar.

"I never heard of but one. They say he is extremely kind to cross-eyed cats."

"I am the king!" thundered His Majesty, as he rose up in all the terriblest of his awfulness.

The peasant fell upon his knees and prayed that his life might be spared, being he had no insurance, and the king took him by the right hand and lifted him up and said:

"Have no fear. You are an honest man. You are the only human being who has dared to tell me of my faults. From this moment I am a changed sardine. Here—take these seven signet rings, and these thirteen purses filled with gold, and as soon as you get your potatoes dug and your corn husked, come to town and be my Prime Minister."

Now, wasn't that nice?—Detroit Free Press.

### Adieu, Daughter of the Regiment.

Those who have seen French regiments on parade will remember that at their head marched a platoon of "sappers" with long beards and impossible axes, as well as a gayly dressed "vivandière," carrying a minute barrel, supposed to contain wine, hanging from a cross-belt. She and the gorgeous drum major usually divided the honors. It will be learned with regret that she has been relegated to the rear, and her gay apparel and diminutive barrel have been taken away, and she now wears a sombre dress, a brass plate as a distinguishing badge, and rides in the canteen wagon. Who would want to be a "daughter of the regiment" on such conditions?—Boston Post.

A man's wife should always be the same, especially to her husband, but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be, for they make her "feel like a different person," at least so they all say, and their husbands say so, too. Carter's Iron Pills equalize the circulation, remove nervousness and give strength and rest. Try them.

### Moral Suasion.

Pretty Wife (poutingly)—"That Mrs. De Plaine has a dozen dresses handsomer than the only good one I've got."

Smart Husband—"A homely woman like that needs rich attire to attract attention from her face. You don't."

(Pretty wife subsides.)—New York Weekly.

Pozzoni's Complexion Powder produces a soft and beautiful skin; it combines every element of beauty and purity.

# ALLCOCK'S

## POROUS PLASTERS.

Self-praise is no recommendation, but there are times when one must permit a person to tell the truth about himself. When what he says is supported by the testimony of others no reasonable man will doubt his word. Now, to say that ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are the only genuine and reliable porous plasters made is not self-praise in the slightest degree. They have stood the test for over thirty years, and in proof of their merits it is only necessary to call attention to the cures they have effected, and to the voluntary testimonials of those who have used them.

**Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.**

### This is Not a Joke.

If any one imagines, because TEXAS SIFTINGS is full of the cream of the best fun afloat, that the editors of this paper do not keep a sharp eye on everything worth looking at, they are very much mistaken.

We appreciate whatever is good of its kind, whether it be an angel or a lightning-rod man, a joke or a coffin-lid. We therefore drop out of humor a moment to remind our readers of the fact that the new Chautauqua class for four years of home reading and study has just been formed, that there is room in it for all of SIFTINGS' readers, and that any one may be wiser and better, at small outlay of money and time, if he will join the class and keep up with it. There is a notion in the community that these Chautauquans are a narrow-minded set who put on airs and wear sanctimonious faces, but there is no truth in it. We know hundreds and thousands of Chautauqua students, aged from eighteen years to eighty, and there isn't a more level-headed, wide-awake, big hearted set of people on the face of the earth. Men and women of all classes are among them, the purpose being not to lose sight of true culture—the real article, warranted absolutely free from varnish, padding and putty—while taking part in the battle of life. Drop a line and a postage stamp to John H. Vincent, Drawer 194, Buffalo, New York, for full particulars; then fill out the blank you will receive, and put in some of your spare minutes on the work you will be told to do. Our friends will want to thank us if they follow our advice in this matter, but we hope they won't take the trouble to write and tell us so, for our post-office box wouldn't begin to hold their letters.

### Where Millionaires are Poor.

The annals of Newport can surely not show the record of such a brilliant season as that of 1890. The number of the private entertainments, the brilliancy of the semi-public functions, the lavish expenditure of money at dinners and dances has never been equalled. Money is fast driving the former leaders of Newport society into the background; for it is impossible for most incomes to vie with the display of wealth seen at the Vanderbilt and Whitney houses. Mr. J. J. Van Allen has also come to the fore in recent years, and his parties have been among the most delightful given during the summer. It is probably owing to the necessary increased cost of living for all those "in the swim" that Mr. Robert M.

Cushing has leased his Newport house for the last few summers, and sought the somewhat simpler life of Bar Harbor. With a large family of children to be provided for, a Newport season is almost out of the question: for to-day a millionaire is almost regarded as a poor man. It requires a simply exorbitant fortune to keep the pace set by the present social leaders at this lovely spot. This is doubtless the reason why Boston is almost "out of it" here. There are few Boston men ready or willing to spend the money necessary to place their wives among the great ladies of Newport.—Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

### A Public Benefit.

The traveling public has already been greatly benefited by the combination between the Chicago & North-Western and the Union Pacific Railway systems and the establishment of what is now known as the "Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line," through greatly improved train service from the East to the Pacific coast. Features of the new service are solid vestibuled trains running through from Chicago to Denver and Portland without change. These trains carry through palace sleeping cars from Chicago to Omaha in 15 3-4 hours, Denver 33 1-2 hours, Portland 82 hours, San Francisco 85 hours, and for the benefit of passengers who do not wish accommodations in first-class sleepers, luxurious reclining chair cars are run through to Denver and Portland without change, in which accommodations are free. Colonist sleepers are also run through from Chicago to Portland, in which the charge for a completely furnished berth is nominal, and as all meals en route are served in the best dining cars, the Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line affords all classes of passengers the very best accommodations.

Another feature of the service provided by the Chicago & North-Western railway which is highly appreciated by the traveling public, is the fast vestibuled train (coaches, sleeping cars and dining cars) running daily between Chicago and St. Paul and Minneapolis, carrying through vestibuled sleepers between Chicago and Duluth.

The North-Western, which now operates over 7,000 miles of first-class railway, was the pioneer in railroad building in the West, and is still in the lead in supplying the traveling public with all the benefits that are conferred by superiority of equipment, through train service and fast time between Chicago and all points West and Northwest.

### More Money in It.

Teacher—"Would you like to be a great man?"

Johnny—"Naw! I'd rather be President."—Puck.

Baldness ought not to come till the age of 55 or later. If the hair begins to fall earlier, use Hall's Hair Renewer and prevent baldness and grayness.





## HONOR WON.

August Belmont has won his place at the head of the turfmen of to-day. He is honored by men much but by Fate more. And yet he has not courted flattery nor been guilty of "bull-headed" luck. Men have learned to honor Mr. Belmont because they have found him honorable, and the deep mystery of his popularity in the esteem of Good Fortune lies in the fact that he is one of the most astute men in America, and as a breeder of horses, one of the most patient and thorough. The successes of the Belmont stable this year are the direct result not of luck but of hard work for years, a big outlay of money and a sound use of brains. Such is the secret of many a "streak of luck," and such is the secret of most work that bears the stamp of genius.

Controller Myers for Mayor, eh?

Richard Croker, of Weisbaden. P. S.—He is not German.

George Wanamaker has forgiven Col. Shepard's invitation to drink milk.

Lawyer August P. Wagener is taking sides with his mother-in-law in court.

William Ziegler got the bilge on the city authorities with that Fifth avenue bay window of his.

Christopher Columbus Clark would not object to discovering American honor in the Assembly again.

John Proctor Clark can lead a political meeting through a mass of business as quickly as any man in town.

M. T. Bennett, of the New York Canoe Club, seems to enjoy being a ghost. Ghost Bennett weighs not far from 180.

Carson Lake, the bright and witty Ben Abou of the New York Press, has returned from an extensive Western trip.

Mrs. Frank Leslie will begin her lecture season at Chicago, giving two lectures in Central Music Hall, Oct. 15 and 16.

General Emmons Clark, Secretary of the Board of Health, has returned from his trip to Germany. His friends say he has the (same old) grip.

H. A. Mathews, "the Irish orator," has a pair of shoes from which he has drawn a good many tariff points. And the shoes are still No. 8's.

Foster Coates of the Mail and Express, is favorably mentioned for president of the New York Press Club. Mr. Coates would grace the position.

Allan Forman, publisher of The Journalist, promises to get out the handsomest and most readable Christmas issue to be found. Allan can do it.

Police Justice Henry Murray's term expired the other day in spite of all he could do to save it. But he will remain Justice he is until after election.

Assemblyman Frank Haffner's "partner" does not seem to have looked after

those "knick-knacks" very well. They say the Assemblyman is to be retired by Tammany this fall.

Jacob M. Patterson is after the shrievalty, but the friendship between him and the present incumbent is not yet wholly changed into ice-Sickles.

John H. Kerrigan knows something about war and that makes him a political power. He is the new president of the First Battalion Union Veteran League.

Major Kipp, Chief Clerk of the Police Board, was gone on his vacation just long enough to make him feel like hugging the Statue of Liberty when he returned.

R. J. D. Slater when acting as secretary of a body that meets in East Fifty-ninth street, thinks the body uses him as sort of a combined encyclopedia and waste-basket.

Gabriel Marks, the light of the Fourth District, says he would not be a city dad. He would be the coroner. Will Gabriel blow his trumpet on the morning after election?

Mr. D. H. Clark, the new superintendent of postal sub-station O, bears his new salary meekly. He has worked for his country before—in 1861-5—dodging bullets for \$13 a month.

Oliver Sumner Teal's cry is not

"Half a league,  
Half a league,  
Half a league onward."

The whole Municipal League moves onward.

John H. Duncan will wave his wand over the north end of Riverside Park and become the architect of the Grant Monument. Will it be the monument that Cornelius Vanderbilt?

F. H. Hassam, the antiquarian of New York, is to make ex-President Cleveland a present of Daniel Webster's rod, reel, wicker flask and fishing hat. O, that flask! that wicker flask!

Dr. Paul Gibier, the local hydrophobia specialist and disciple of Pasteur, warns the public not to be too eager to pull bones from a dog's throat. We are not all innocent kids, Doctor.

E. A. Thrall, who keeps jewels in Maiden Lane, darkened the Lane with his shadow not long ago, for the first time after a long sickness. The diamond brooch will not prevent the grip.

Julius Chambers, the wide-awake editor of the Sunday World, has been compelled to make so many explanations about cutting off his moustache that he has concluded to let it grow again.

Secretary Buckholz, of the Board of Expert Engineers, says he has been pestered by cranks who want to tell the Board how to enlarge the Brooklyn Bridge terminals. Not cranks, Mr. B., but public-spirited citizens.

The New York Journalist of Sept 13 had its first page embellished by a speaking portrait of James W. Johnson (by

Grimm), one of the proprietors of the Bachelier Newspaper Syndicate, the largest system of newspaper syndicates in the world.

Frank Burrelle, of the Western Journalist and Bureau of Press Clippings, will spend the fall and winter in New York, superintending his agency here. His business has grown into national proportions.

Albert Frank, of the advertising firm of Frank, Kiernan & Co., is back from his vacation in Europe. While in Germany he assured the young Emperor that he was the best advertised royal nibs he knew.

George D. Peixotto, the young American artist who has been commissioned by the Emperor of Germany to paint a portrait of Bismarck, is son of Hon. B. F. Peixotto of New York, late Consul to Lyons, France.

William S. Haynes, the Washington market dealer in meat, didn't wish the honor of foreman of a jury the other day. He is busy experimenting now on adjusting a day in court to the meat business in Washington market.

Mr. George De Haven has resigned his position as Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Erie Railway, to accept an important railroad agency in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Mr. De Haven has won many friends in New York by his social as well as business qualities.

Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, patted Powderly on the back and told him Vanderbilt Third Vice-President Webb had acted dastardly. The one thing certain to draw from this is that Gompers' name will never adorn a pass over the N. Y. C.

Charles D. Sweeney is one of the most active workers for the Republicans in the city. He states plain facts in a plain way, and like Tom Reed, believes in conducting this universe "on sound business principles." Mr. Sweeney is General Secretary of the Business Men's Republican Organization.

Dr. E. P. Thwing, who has just returned from China, where he established a hospital for the insane, says the Chinese get just as crazy as New Yorkers. SIFTINGS supposes China can beat the record in this as in other respects and show that she had well-developed authentic crazy people long before the rest of the world had any people at all.

Dr. Ramon Guiteras believes with a certain Western millionaire that "if yer goin' to dew anythin', dew it." The Doctor went to Rhode Island himself to get those clams for the N. Y. A. C. clam-bake, and he got also Capt. Chris. Baker, the champion clam-baker of Rhode Island. The club might Travers Islands for a long time and not find another Guiteras.



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"Gossip" is supposed to be the result of combining two words, "go" and "sip."—Galveston News.

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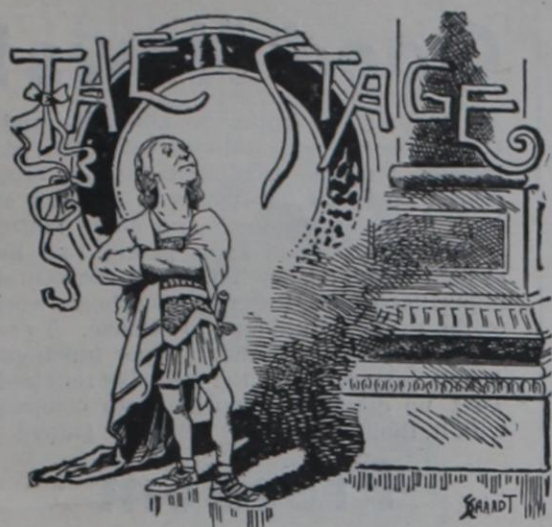
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**Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.**





Ta Ta Lessen was the burden of the song which Rudolph Aronson sang to the opposition at the last annual election of the Casino's manager. It is said that the decision of the stockholders that the Casino needed neither a Hall nor a Lessen caused Mr. Aronson to go home and make a lively revision of his galop, Awfully Jolly. But, Mr. Aronson, you really ought to brace up that company of yours, even in the summer. Remember that the Casino should be the home of light opera in the New World. The sight and the sound of Teddy Solomon as Pomponnet singing "She is so innocent" appealed to SIFTINGS as Fay Templeton would playing a fay or an Innocent Kid. That passé voice of Solomon spoiled the beautiful song. This is not doing your duty to the public, Mr. Aronson. Read John Ruskin's Lectures on Art (paper cover, 15 cents), and do a little more not only for the stockholders but for suffering art and for us who are grieved to see her suffer. The public has a right to demand that she shall not be slighted in the New York Casino. Most of the male parts of the opera are stiff in the hands of the Casino interpreters. Miss D'Arville and Miss Halton sing well, but indulge in a little too much levity on the stage. During the short spaces of time when an actress is "on" she can contribute much to the telling effect of a play by a show of sincerity and by strict attention to business. With these reservations the high grade of music of the opera of Mme. Angot is given a chance to speak at the Casino. The minor details of the opera are made the most of, but no amount of good clothes can make up for the lack of a good head.

Mr. H. A. Covell, who has been connected with the New York Clipper for a number of years, has joined the staff of the Dramatic News.

Francis Wilson's Merry Monarch is the best part he has yet constructed, and we do not wonder that it draws crowded houses to the Broadway continually. Good seats must be secured a long way in advance.

The County Fair is filling Union Square Theatre every night with hilarious people, who know where to go to get a good laugh. Neil Burgess is an inexhaustible reservoir of fun.

Poor Jonathan, which will be the next new opera at the Casino, is running in Berlin and has reached its 250th performance. The opera is by Millocker, one of the best modern composers of light opera. The first production of the opera will occur about October 15, and the cast will include Lillian Russell, Fanny Rice and Edwin Stevens.

W. S. Cleveland's Consolidated Minstrels, that performed a season at the Fourteenth Street Theatre recently, comprises a great variety of talent, and their entertainments delight the public wherever they appear. Such burnt cork wags as Hughey Dougherty, Billy Emerson, Barney Fagan, Percy Denton and Luke Schoolcraft are not often seen in one company. The marvelous Craigs—British gentlemen acrobats, as they are called on the bills—who go through their perform-

ances in dress suits, are an entire show in themselves.

Louis Aldrich as The Editor drew good houses at Hammerstein's Harlem Opera House last week. Mr. Aldrich's work as an actor is ever artistic and well-done, and as Col. Hawkins, in The Editor, he gives a faithful portraiture of the journalist in the West, which is refreshing as well as delightful from every standpoint. The play is funny and pathetic by turns, moving the spectators from smiles to tears, and back again, by easy stages.

Henry C. Miner, manager of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, is the hero of a good story that has been going the rounds. Some time ago he took a Turkish bath, and while in the bath establishment he became acquainted with a Broadway hatter. Mr. Miner asked the gentleman to go with him to his theatre, and the hatter having accepted the invitation, he put him in a good seat. The next night the hatter asked for more seats and got them. Two nights later he asked for seats for himself and friend and got them. Soon he brought his whole family around and they all got in free. But Miner was beginning to feel uneasy about his Turkish bath friend. The manager expected the hatter would bring around his whole list of relatives and neighbors. After a few moments of intense application to business, for it was a matter of business, Mr. Miner went down to the hatter's store. He asked to see some new spring styles of tiles, and of course the hatter was overjoyed. He was exceedingly accommodating. Mr. Miner ordered several, of different sizes, sent to his theatre. When the bill came Mr. Miner wrote the hatter an extremely pleasant billet de amitie in which it was hinted that one good turn deserves another, and that not only the writer needed a hat, but several of his friends also. The hatter took the hint and marked the bill paid, with a grunt. This is one of the few instances of Mr. Miner paying a bill with a note.

#### A Beautiful River.

There is no river in the East except the Hudson that equals the Connecticut river in the magnificence of the scenery along its shores. From Saybrook Harbor to Hartford bridge it is one grand panorama of rolling hills and rugged, rocky precipices. During the next few weeks the autumn tints of the foliage will make the scenery grand beyond description, and well worth a trip up and down the river. The boats of the New York and Hartford Transportation Co. leave Peck Slip, New York, every afternoon at 5 o'clock. They are well appointed in every respect, and the service is excellent.

#### The Proper Notice.

Dr. Thirdly (of Chicago)—"Brother Laker, I have just married two couples, who have been divorced and then fell in love with each other again."

Laker—"Why don't you hang out a sign, 'Repairing Done?'"—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

#### A Snore Squelcher.

Inventive genius is rapidly eliminating the unpleasant features of life, and soon it will be possible to say truthfully, "Life is worth living." The latest help in this direction is a little invention designed to prevent the sonorous embellishment of slumber called snoring. Of course few will acknowledge that they ever snore while asleep. They can be certain that they do not snore if they will use the Hygeia Throat and Lung Protector. It is an effectual cure, and at the same time a healthy one, as it compels breathing through the nose, which is the way nature intended mankind to breathe. The Hygeia Protective Co., 52 W. 22d st., New York, issue a little book entitled, "Shut Your Mouth and Save Your Life," which explains the workings of the snore squelcher, and other valuable inventions controlled by this company. A copy of the book will be sent upon application.

#### The Old Way the Best.

While you may not witness any direct act of cruelty toward the negro roustabouts on a Mississippi river steamer by the mate, says a New York Sun writer, you can't help expect it every time the boat makes a landing. He is always provided with a stick or cane, and the way he flourishes it and curses the hands is enough to drive a nervous person to his stateroom. I was talking of this to a mate one day, and he told me of an incident that happened on the Robert E. Lee. One of the owners of the boat happened to see the mate strike a hand, and he made such a fuss about it that the captain promised a change of programme from Vicksburg down. The mate was told how to demean himself, and when the boat swung out he was as gentle as a lamb. Before she made her first landing he had on a plug hat, a dress coat, and gloves, and was smoking a dainty cigar. As the steamer swung in to take on 200 bags of cotton-seed at a plantation the mate quietly ordered:

"Please get out them bow and stern lines. Please hurry up with that gang-plank. Now, gentlemen, bring on them bags."

The hands looked at him in great astonishment, consumed double time in making fast, and when all were ashore went into convention to discuss matters.

"Here, you, what's the matter there?" called the captain.

"Gwine to quit," replied one of them.

"Quit! What for?"

"Sunthin' wrong wid de Lee on this trip, cap'n. She's gwine to blow up or strike a snag."

"What makes you think so?"

"Look at de mate, sah. Sunthin' wrong dar"—sunthin' mighty wrong. When a mate stop dat cussin' sunthin' gwine ter break."

The owner was consulted and he said it was possible he had taken a wrong view of the case. As a test, the mate might go back to old tactics.

"Here, you black devils," shouted the mate, as he peeled off his finery and grabbed a club, "git along now! Up with them bags! Hi, there, Reuben, walk your heels! Tote that seed! Cuss your livers, but don't be four minutes at this landing or I'll murder every black devil of you!"

"Dat's mo' like—dat's ole talk," shouted the crowd, and in three minutes and a half the boat swung out.

#### The Marvellous Royal Success of the Hardman Piano in England.

Messrs. Hardman, Peck & Co. are to be congratulated upon the unrivalled success which the Hardman Piano has attained abroad. In addition to the Grand Piano, which we mentioned some time since as having been purchased by Her Majesty the Queen, it has been announced that three other Hardman Grands have been purchased by members of the nobility. Up to the present time the royal and noble personages who have selected Hardman Grand Pianos for their use are Her Majesty the Queen, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Fife, Her Grace the Duchess of Montrose, and His Grace the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. This is a showing of which the firm may well feel proud, and Mr. Peck does feel proud of it, and gladly shows to those interested the original document signed by Kenmare, Chamberlain of the Household, appointing Mr. Addington their agent for Great Britain, Piano Maker to Her Majesty the Queen.

#### Didn't Propose.

Tom—"So you did not propose to that dear girl last night, as you intended to. Ah, my friend, I am afraid you were not fired by the divine spark of love."

Dick—"No, I was fired by her father."—New York Weekly.

#### Pious Appetites.

A friend of mine (says W. W. Story), who was giving a large dinner once, called on old T., the negro caterer, to arrange the dinner and take the trouble off her hands.

"Yes, ma'am," said old T., "I'll look out for it all; but fust I want to know who de company is. Is there any clergy-men and them kind a-comin'?"

"Certainly," said my friend; "but why do you ask such a question?"

"Oh," says old T., "if they's clergy-men and that sort comin', you must get more to eat and drink. Them pious eats tremendous!"—Exchange.

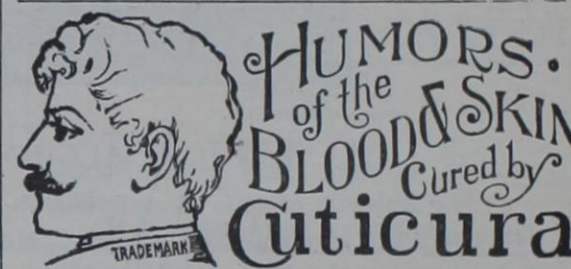
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#### A Business Secret.

Mr. Isaacs—"I sells you dot coat at a gread sacrifice."

Customer—"But you say that of all your goods. How do you make a living?"

Mr. Isaacs—"Mein frient, I makes a schmall profit on de paper and string."—New York Weekly.



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**Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria**



## SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



HON. J. O. ALLISON, NEW LONDON, MO.

The subject of this sketch was born in Ralls County, Missouri, July 23, 1855. His early life was spent on a farm. He was educated at the Missouri State Normal School and at the Missouri State University, graduating with honors at both institutions.

In 1884 he was elected to the Missouri Legislature from Ralls County, and was the youngest member in that body that term. He was re-elected in 1886 and 1888.

He was the author of a number of important laws, among which are the Missouri Anti-Trust Law and the law making laborers preferred creditors for wages. He was chairman of the Committee on Education, and also the Committee on Municipal Corporations. He is Democratic in politics, unmarried, and a lawyer by profession.

### Obedience to the Death.

The editor of Gil Blas, in his last issue, vouches for the truth of this story: Napoleon I. was entertaining the Czar Alexander and the Prussian King at breakfast in Tilsit, when the conversation turned on loyalty.

"My soldiers obey me blindly," said the Czar.

"And mine are anxious to die for me," added Napoleon.

At the suggestion of the Prussian King a test of devotion was agreed upon. The royal party were breakfasting in the fifth story of a building that faced a paved street. Each member was to cull in one of his soldiers and command him to jump from the window. Napoleon made the first test.

"Call the Gardiste Marceau," he commanded, and Marceau appeared.

"Will you obey any order I give you?" asked Napoleon.

"Yes, sire."

"Blindly, whatever it is?"

"Blindly, sire."

"Then jump out of that window."

"But I have a wife and two children, sire."

"I will care for them. Forward!" And the Gardiste Marceau, with a military salute, walked to the window and leaped out.

"Call a private of the body guard," ordered the Czar, whose turn came next. The soldier came.

"What's your name?"

"Ivan Ivanovitch."

"Well, Ivan, just throw yourself out of that window."

"Yes, father," answered the guardsman, and he did it.

"Command the bravest of my soldiers to come here," said the Prussian king to

his servant. A six-foot uhlan, with a row of orders across his breast and a scar on his forehead, entered.

"My friend," explained the King, "to show their loyalty a French and a Russian guardsman have jumped at command from that window. Have you the pluck to do the same?"

"Is it for the Fatherland?"

"No."

"Then I refuse to do it."

Gil Blas thinks this anecdote contains a fine lesson for German army officers of the present.

### Griswold's Lectures.

We are in receipt of a circular letter from the Slayton Lyceum Bureau of New York and Chicago announcing that engagements can be made through it for the celebrated humorous lecture entitled

"Tour 'Round the World," by A. Miner Griswold, the famous editor of TEXAS SIFTINGS. We should consider this investment a good one for any society, organization or individual to make. We have long known Mr. Griswold personally; have often heard him upon public occasions and very gladly bear testimony to his ability to entertain. He is a genuine humorist. An audience he cannot please must be obdurate indeed. His lectures are also instructive as well as laughter-provoking. We recommend Mr. Griswold, the renowned "fat contributor," to all. His services can be secured by addressing The Slayton Lyceum Bureau, Belvedere House, New York, or Central Music Hall, Chicago.—Lockport (N. Y.) Journal.

It may be added that the Slayton Bureau has already made over fifty engagements for Mr. Griswold, one half of them on the Pacific coast.

### A Desperate Fight with Indians.

A gentleman passed through the city Sunday on his way to Excelsior Springs whose name three or four years ago was one of the most popular in the daily press of that day. It was Mr. John T. Shy of Deming, N. M., whose deed of heroism in saving his wife and family from massacre by a band of savage Apaches after a running fight of several miles will ever make his name a conspicuous one in the history of the West. The story is as follows:

Mr. Shy had settled on a rancho in New Mexico with his wife and young son, their place being seventeen miles from any other settlement. The rancho was attacked by a roving band of eighteen Apaches, who sought to drive off the stock. Mr. Shy, who was well armed and had plenty of ammunition, placed his wife and child in a place of safety within the house and then opened fire, which was returned. The fight was waged for some time, till one of the Indians succeeded in crawling up to and setting fire to the house. This necessitated flight; so, sending Mrs. Shy forward under cover of the smoke of the burning building, the husband and father, carrying his young son under his arm, made a dash for the cover of some thick brush which was growing near by. An Indian's bullet went through the child's hip and lodged in the father's body, but the fight went on. Mr. Shy ran forward some distance, and then dropping the child in the brush would face about and fire at the leading pursuer, who would thus be brought to a standstill for a time. Then another short flight and another stand to gain time for Mrs. Shy, who was fleeing in the front, and so the day was spent. The Indians finally gave up the chase, which had cost them no less than six warriors, and the exhausted fugitives managed to reach the city of Deming with their lives. The wounds received by both father and son were rapidly healed, and now, when the hostilities are forever expelled from or killed out of that neighborhood, there is no more flourishing or happy family in New Mexico than that of John T. Shy.—Kansas City Times.



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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



## VERSES NEW AND OLD.

## INTUITION.



She often said that she could tell  
When I was near, tho' she could see  
Me not, nor hear my step; and, well,  
It seemed a little strange to me.  
She said her heart would give a bound  
Whenever I, unknown, came near;  
Such power ne'er stirred my heart around,  
And yet I knew she was as dear  
To me as I to her; and so  
I had my doubts of this strange spell,  
And made a firm resolve to know  
Just how my presence she could tell.  
One day when butterflies and bees  
Flew in and out among the flowers,  
And the soft breeze brought to me  
The perfume from a hundred bowers,  
I came upon her unawares  
In a retired nook where we  
Had often cast aside our cares  
And whispered words of love. To me  
It gave a chance to ascertain  
The secret I so longed to know.  
I sought most eagerly to gain  
Her side by stealthy steps, and tho'  
She did not raise her dainty head,  
And saw me not, nor even yet  
Heard my soft step, she quickly said,  
"What makes you smoke that cigarette?"  
—Harry L. Wells, in *Munsey's Weekly*.

## 'TIS PITY.

The good old bards are dead and gone,  
Their harps are now but rust,  
Their flesh has mingled with the soil,  
Their whiskers with the dust.  
No more hear we the roundelay,  
Of maids with golden hair,  
With eyes of blue that matched the skies,  
With forms beyond compare.  
These points the modern knight wots not,  
Nor does he care a dash;  
The question now succinctly asked  
Is, "Has she loads of cash?"  
—Franklin Delino.

## TO PHYLLIS, IN A GINGHAM DRESS.

Silks and satins, velvets, laces  
Well accord with pretty faces;  
But tho' only artless graces  
Deck thy beauty, I confess  
Virtues all thy form embraces,  
Phyllis, in thy gingham dress.  
O, my Phyllis! gems the rarest  
Least the setting need; and sparest  
Perfume breathe to heaven the fairest  
Flowers—fair but spiritless  
To the violet thou comparest,  
Phyllis, in thy gingham dress—  
Not to eye alone appealing,  
Charming sense while yet concealing  
Beauteous font of fragrance, stealing  
From the emerald wilderness.  
This is why Love touches, kneeling,  
To his lips thy gingham dress.  
—New York Sun.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

## Sawdust Bread.

"I have found the cheekiest swindle of the age," said George Lord. Mr. Lord is a drummer, who keeps his eyes open when out on the road, and is greatly interested in matters pertaining to food adulteration.

"It is wood flour," he continued. "Flour actually made of wood and used largely for the purpose of adulteration. It was at Mount Pleasant, on the little Ulster and Delaware Railroad, that I first saw the mill. White beech trees are used. The wood has no flavor or color and is hard and dry. The bark is peeled off and the logs put on a carriage, which forces them against a cutting machine shaped like a pencil-sharpener except that it has five or six knives instead of one. These knives revolve at the rate of from 200 to 300 revolutions a minute, and the log is soon cut into fine shavings. After these are thoroughly dried they are put into a hopper and ground the same as wheat or corn. The flour comes out as fine and fragrant as from fine wheat, and is put in bags without any marking on, except a tag with the address and sent to New York. Where they go here I don't know, but I learned from a man at the mill that there is a pretty big sale for the stuff. He said that part of it was used as paper stock and in the preparation of lincrusta walton. That is the ostensible purpose for which it is made, but the workman told me that a good deal of the stuff went into the hands of contractors for furnishing Indian rations, and that considerable of it also went into the cheap breads sold in the Italian and Hebrew districts in the lower part of the city."—Bridgeport Republican.

## Halstead as a Working Journalist.

Murat Halstead is a shining type of the working journalist. He lives at the Brevoort house. Every morning he is at the Standard-Union office in Brooklyn by 8 o'clock and sometimes earlier. A dozen pencils have been sharpened for him and he throws off his coat and plunges into work without any fussy preliminaries. He writes steadily until 1:30 p. m. The result is over a half page of strong yet graceful expression of editorial opinions. Then Mr. Halstead writes a column—often a two-column—letter to his Cincinnati paper. This he sends every day, Sundays included. His associates in Brooklyn look upon him with wondering eyes. But Mr. Halstead says he has found some difficulty in filling in his spare time. For that reason he has now taken up some "outside" literary work.

Some little time before he left Cincinnati Mr. Halstead employed a stenographer. But he filled the stenographer's notebook in no time. Then, having so much more time than he needed, he would take up his pencil and busy himself again. The consequence was that he did about two men's work, and he was pretty well tired out when his day was over. With all his capacity for work he is invariably in good spirits. He reads the thrusts of political opponents with amusement; the sharper they are the more he is amused. Then he takes his pencil and responds.—New York Star.

## Only Once.

Cumso—"Were you ever taken in by a confidence game, Briggs?"

Briggs—"Once only; when I was married"—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

## Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

## The Right Spirit.

"I see," he observed, walking into the sanctum, "that you need the services of a leader writer on your editorial column?"

"That position has been filled, sir," was the reply.

He sighed.

"I notice also," he went on, "that you advertise for a person to address envelopes. Is that position still open?"

"It is, sir."

"Then I'll take it."—Puck.

## Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully,  
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE self-conceit of the lower animals is said to be something like that of man, from which we infer that the smallest tadpole in the tank fancies himself a whale at sea.—Dallas News.


## A Reprieve for the Condemned.

Wretched men and women long condemned to suffer the tortures of dyspepsia, are filled with new hope after a few doses of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This budding hope blossoms into fruition of certainty, if the Bitters is persisted in. It brings a reprieve to all dyspeptics who seek its aid. Flatulence, heartburn, sinking at the pit of the stomach between meals, the nervous tremors and insomnia of which chronic indigestion is the parent, disappear with their hateful progenitor. Most beneficent of stomachics! who can wonder that in so many instances it awakens grateful eloquence in those who, benefited by it, speak voluntarily in its behalf. It requires a graphic pen to describe the torments of dyspepsia, but in many of the testimonials received by the proprietors of the Bitters, these are portrayed with vivid truthfulness. Constipation, biliousness, muscular debility, malarial fevers and rheumatism are relieved by it.

## A Hard Husband.

Husband—"I wish you would stop this everlasting picking flaws in your neighbors."

Wife—"Yes, that's just you; you never want me to have the least pleasure."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.



**CARTER'S  
LITTLE  
LIVER  
PILLS.**

**CURE**

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

**SICK**

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

**HEAD**

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

**ACHE**

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St. New York.

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The Koh-i-nor, Tavernier's Blue Diamond, the Great Mogul, the Regent and Orloff Diamonds and other celebrated precious stones have had their stories told by Mrs. Goddard Orpen in her new book, *Stories of Famous Stones*, just issued by D. Lothrop Company.

Mrs. Jessie Benton Frémont has followed up her successful compilation, *Souvenirs of My Time*, with a new collection of tales of life on the border, *Far West Sketches*. Mrs. Frémont's whole life has been so directly associated with pioneer and frontier happenings that few writers can rival her in material or interest. Her books are published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

Mr. Eugene Field, well-known, especially throughout the West, for his witty contributions to the Chicago press, is the author of two small volumes about to be published by the Scribners, entitled *A Little Book of Western Verse*, and *A Little Book of Profitable Tales*. They are full of the wit, humor, and pathetic tenderness for which this author is noted; and are to be issued in a neat and inviting form, bound in covers of blue and gold.

Scribner's Magazine for October contains several notable papers. Among them is one by Herbert Laws Webb, entitled *Life on Board a Cable Ship*. The article is founded on Mr. Webb's experiences as a member of the technical staff of the Silvertown Telegraph Company's steamer which laid the cable from Spain to the Canary Islands. John W. Root, who writes *The City House in the West*, is the architect of the great business block in Chicago known as The Rookery. Mr. Root predicts that Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, and many others will, within a short time, present streets unrivaled in the world for the variety, picturesqueness, and beauty of their domestic architecture. Many typical houses from these cities appear in the illustrations.

Theodore Child's second paper on South America, entitled *Agricultural Chili*, appears in Harper's Magazine for October. Julian Ralph, a rising young writer, contributes an article entitled *Antoine's Moose Yard*. It is a narrative of hunting adventures in the great Canadian woods, and is accompanied by twelve spirited illustrations from drawings by Frederic Remington. A mooseyard is the name given by Canadian hunters to the feeding-ground of a herd of moose. Each herd or family of these great wild cattle has two such feeding-grounds, and they are said to go alternately from one to the other, never herding in one place two years in succession. Joaquin Miller contributes an interesting article describing a visit to the historic neighborhood of Sherwood Forest, during which he spent some nights at Newstead Abbey, the guest of the proprietor, Colonel Webb. The article is handsomely illustrated from drawings by C. S. Reinhart, Harry Fenn, and others.

**Will be found an excellent remedy for sick headache.** Carter's Little Liver Pills. Thousands of letters from people who have used them prove this fact. Try them.

#### Cautions for Young Men.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie gives the following advice, intended for young men, but which older men may heed to their advantage:

"There are three great rocks ahead of the practical young man who has his feet upon the ladder and is beginning to rise. First, drunkenness, which, of course, is fatal. There is no use wasting any time upon any young man who drinks liquor, no matter how exceptional his talent. Indeed, the greater his talents are, the greater the disappointment must be. I do not mean by drinking liquor the taking of a glass of beer or wine at meals. It is not necessary for a man to be a total abstainer in order to be temperate. The rule should be: Never enter a barroom and never drink liquor except at meals.

"The second rock ahead is speculation. The business of a speculator and that of a manufacturer or man of affairs are not only distinct, but incompatible. To be successful in the business world, the manufacturer's and the merchant's profits only should be sought. The manufacturer should go forward steadily, meeting the market price. When there are goods to sell, sell them; when supplies are needed, purchase them, without regard to the market prices in either case. I have never known a speculative manufacturer or business man who scored a permanent success. He is rich one day, bankrupt the next. Besides this, the manufacturer aims to produce articles, and in so doing to employ labor. This furnishes a laudable career. A man in his avocation is useful to his kind. The merchant is usefully occupied distributing commodities; the banker in providing capital.

"The third rock is akin to speculation: endorsing. Business men require irregular supplies of money, at some times little, at others enormous sums. Others being in the same condition, there is strong temptation to endorse naturally. This rock should be avoided. There are emergencies, no doubt, in which men should help their friends, but there is a rule that will keep one safe. No man should place his name upon the obligation of another, if he has not sufficient to pay it without detriment to his own business. It is dishonest to do so. Men are trustees for those who have trusted them, and the creditor is entitled to all his capital and credit. For one's own firm, 'your name, your fortune, your sacred honor,' but for others, no matter under what circumstances, only such aid as you can render without danger to your trust. It is a safe rule, therefore, to give the cash direct that you have to spare for others, and never your endorsement or guarantee."

#### Requiescat.

If this is all the old gentleman needs to make him perfectly happy, we feel moved to supply it forthwith:

Here lies  
Otto Von Bismarck,  
late dealer in  
Blood and Iron.

WHO SAVED THE GERMAN EMPIRE  
from the American Hog.

—Exchange.

**Will positively cure sick headache and prevent its return.** Carter's Little Liver Pills. This is not talk, but truth. One pill a dose. See advertisement. Small pill. Small dose. Small price.

#### Money Made With the Pen.

Regularly every six months, it is said, the Treasury Department receives either a \$20 or \$50 bill which, from all appearances, instead of being made from a plate, is executed entirely with a pen. The work is of a very high order, and several times these have escaped detec-



#### SCRAMBLING FOR IT.

Here is a good-natured tussle for a cake of Pears' Soap, which only illustrates how necessary it becomes to all persons who have once tried it and discovered its merits. Some who ask for it have to contend for it in a more serious way, and that too in drug stores where all sorts of inferior soaps, represented "as just as good," are urged upon them as substitutes. But there is nothing "just as good," and they can always get Pears' Soap if they will be as persistent as are these urchins.

*Shun Misrepresentations.*

tion and gone into circulation. The counterfeiter has not yet been discovered. He seems to work for notoriety, as he could not make a living in this manner.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

#### THREE FORTUNATE MEN.

That Number of St. Louisians Made Happy by The Louisiana State Lottery.

August Fuelsch and John Ingalls, two employes of Bridge, Beach & Co., stove manufacturers, of this city, have had quite a windfall financially during the past ten days. This unlooked for occurrence was brought about through the medium of ticket No. 92,811, of which the above parties held one-twentieth and which drew on the 12th inst. at New Orleans \$100,000. Mr. Fuelsch and Mr. Ingalls were thereby made the recipients of \$5,000, which amount was collected through the Adams Express Co. The latter gentleman immediately invested his half—\$2,500—in real estate, and the former is at present actively in search of a desirable farm upon which in the course of time he wishes to retire with his family. Both gentlemen are high in their praise of the institution which has bestowed upon them a feeling of independence and feel very jubilant over their success. This ticket was the third one purchased by these gentlemen, one of the previous ones having won \$5.

The third fortunate gentleman is Mr. L. C. Shotte, who is connected with the commission house of D. W. Van Houten & Co., on Third street, near Carr. He also held a twentieth of ticket No. 92,811 and collected \$5,000 through the German-American Bank. The *Critic* man called upon Mr. Shotte but failed to find him in. He is no doubt as much elated as the other parties and will doubtless use his money as a stepping-stone to greater fortune.—St. Louis (Mo.) Critic, Aug. 30.

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